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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 197

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Secretary Shaw on Currency Reform 200
Aspects of the Alaska Dispute 200
Our Own Parks 201
Herreshoff's Achievement 201
Cobden Once More 202
The Last of the Humberts 203

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:

Ways and Means of the West Coast Mexicans 204
Thiers Entreating the Powers 205

CORRESPONDENCE:

College Admission on School Certificate 207

NOTES 207

BOOK REVIEWS:

Lyly's Works 210
Celtic Texts 212
Florence 213
Maxim Gorky 214
The Bible in Shakspere 214
Penal Servitude 215
History and Chronology of the Myth-Making Age 215
Les Insectes Ennemies de Livres 216

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 216

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1903.

The Week.

President Roosevelt was both paradoxical and happily inspired when he chose for the subject of his Labor Day address at Syracuse the community of interest between all Americans. Before the sturdy farmers of Central New York it was easy to dwell upon that intimate bond which from great capitalist to day laborer links inextricably the fortunes of all citizens of our free state; that doctrine was familiar to his hearers. But the address was, none the less, a courageous as well as dignified utterance; it was really delivered to the labor unions, and it took issue manfully with pretty much all the beliefs which they and their holiday stand for. The President's counsel to those who preach the war of classes might have been more emphatic; it is to any careful reader of his speech remarkably clear. Briefly, he upheld the old American doctrine of individualism. The Government declines to deal with "butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers" as such; it recognizes only citizens. The whole speech was an impassioned plea against that spirit of caste which confines the individual's allegiance to the imagined interests of a class, while subordinating to the artificial average prescribed for the class all his higher ambitions as an individual. Said Mr. Roosevelt, pursuing this theme: "We can keep our Government on a sane and healthy basis, we can make and keep our social system what it should be, only on condition of judging each man, not as a member of a class, but on his worth as a man." (This apothegm deserves to be repeated whenever generalizations about racial incapacity are produced to justify withholding from individuals the rewards of proved capacity.)

The Miller case is still fresh in memory. The President, it will be recalled, reinstated an assistant foreman of the Government bindery against whom no better cause had been alleged for removal than "flagrant non-unionism." While the President was meditating his Syracuse speech, resolutions from the seventy-two unions of the Central Labor Union of the District of Columbia were being read at the regular Sunday meeting of the Central Federated Union. These resolutions declared that the reinstatement of Miller could not be regarded "in any but an unfriendly light." "Friendliness" on the President's part would have consisted in ignoring Miller's rights as an American citizen in Government employ in order to augment the prestige of a small group of American citizens to whom he has given offence by saving money for the Government. The President can very well get along without the approval of the Central Federated Union; but the incident at once lends emphasis to his advocacy of true Americanism, and shows unmistakably where the caste system is a real peril to our democracy. It cannot be said too often that unionism, like African slavery, rests on a peculiarly cruel and inflexible theory of caste. Those who work with their hands are to be aligned according to their several employments. The world is to be divided sharply into unionists and non-unionists. If the latter happen to be laborers they are to be prevented from working, and thus starved into the unions or out of this work-a-day world. If the non-unionists be capitalists, large or small, they are to be treated as enemies.

The announcement that President Roosevelt will hereafter appoint to consular positions only such men as are qualified by previous experience and training, is in keeping with his attitude hitherto towards the diplomatic service. In that branch he has steadily promoted men who had done well in minor positions. As a result, it to-day more nearly offers a life career to young men than at any previous time in the memory of the present generation. In consular matters, Mr. Roosevelt's record has, on the whole, not been quite as good; but in view of his present intention to conserve the best interests of the country and its foreign trade, his occasional surrenders to Senators may be forgiven. It has always been plain that, even without legislation, we could have had a stable and efficient consular service had our Presidents done their duty and lived up to the trust imposed in them, instead of delegating it to the politicians. Coming on top of Mr. Roosevelt's alleged division of the Delaware offices between Addicks and the reputable Republicans, as announced by Postmaster-General Payne, the President's latest move will give his critics another opportunity to point out the frequent inconsistencies between his theory and his practice of civil-service reform.

It appears that Postmaster-General Payne, in removing Miss Todd, postmistress of Greenwood, Del., and appointing an Addicks man in her place, acted on the theory that Senator Allee (Addicks's man) was entitled to dispose of the offices in Kent and Sussex Counties and Senator Ball (anti-Addicks) was entitled to those in the county of Newcastle. It is true that country post-offices are not embraced in the classified service; but, in the mind of a real reformer, that is immaterial. The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive. Miss Todd was a blameless officer. She was a Republican, but took no part in politics. She attended strictly to her duties. Even if her term of office had expired, she should have been reappointed, without question. She was removed for no reason except that Senator Allee wanted the place for an Addicks man. Now let us see how many violations of the principles which the Administration professes to hold, were committed in this case. It was one such to displace Miss Todd at all. It was another to remove her before the expiration of the term she had begun. It was a third to recognize Allee's right to the office. It was a fourth, and the most flagrant of all, to do these things in the interest of a discredited politician whose operations as a corruptor of the ballot-box and of legislatures have shocked all decent people during the past seven years.

Smuggling through the mails is the charge against the latest victim of the postal investigation. Mr. Kempner, Superintendent of Registry, has taken advantage of his official position to get Havana cigars duty free and sell them to favored friends. His defence, published on Friday in the *Tribune*, shows a complete grasp of the principles of statesmanship as formulated by Beavers, Machen, *et al.* The fundamental purpose of public office is to furnish plums, perquisites, and plunder for the office-holder, his family, and his friends. The only question is how much he can pocket without running a risk of criminal prosecution. Mr. Kempner is a timid soul—his operations have been far less extensive and dazzling than those of some associates—and he is therefore justly indignant at being called to account. He did not smuggle a warehouseful of cigars; he is no rival to the Tobacco Trust; and he really deserves praise and promotion for his moderation. For the last four years he has been in a position to accept pieces of registered mail containing cigars, sent to him by Cuban admirers. Naturally he has availed himself of his opportunities; but he solemnly protests that the cigars have always come in small quantities. Because his transgression is such a little one, he "cannot conceive" how any one can find fault with him, unless "imposed upon by some one who has a malicious desire to injure his good name."

It was telegraphed from Washington ten days ago, apparently by authority, that Secretary Shaw had $40,000,000 to deposit in national banks where it

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would do the most good. The announcement brought an avalanche of applications for shares in the distribution. It now turns out that the Secretary did not authorize the statement, and that he has no intention to deposit his surplus in the banks under existing conditions, or under any conditions like the present. If there should be a serious stringency in the crop-moving season, he would use the discretion which the law gives him to the extent of $40,000,000 if needful, but he now contemplates only the deposit of some small amounts in banks in the agricultural districts where applications had been made several months ago. The policy thus officially announced is sound and sensible, but it forces upon public attention again the need of a radical change in our fiscal system. The collection and disbursement of the public revenue ought not to have any more relation to the money market than the collection of railway earnings and the payment of railway expenses and dividends. In fact, the Government ought not to have a surplus. Its receipts and expenses ought to balance each other within a small sum, and any overplus ought to be deposited in banks from day to day. The Independent Treasury, regarded as a place for the lodgment of money, ought to be abolished. The Aldrich bill of last year was, in this particular, a move in the right direction, but it should have been preceded or accompanied by a bill to reduce taxation to the level of expenditures. The latter measure is perhaps the most needful of all, since the existence of a surplus calls into activity all manner of profligate schemes for spending it.

Secretary Shaw was not so successful at Chicago on the subject of foreign trade as on that of currency reform. Somewhere Mr. Shaw had heard that our tariffs were an obstacle to exporting, but, said he, look at free-trade England, which buys of us $600,000,000 a year, while we buy silk, not of England, but of protectionist France. This was supposed to prove that the French suffered no restriction of their foreign trade through their tariff, while England through free trade actually lost the silk trade. It was a pity to apply the Q. E. D. before so promising an argument had been carried further. Indisputably, we do not buy our Rhine wine in England, nor yet our champagne, nor, for the matter of that, our Havana cigars, Italian statuary, or olive oil. All these things we take from protectionist nations. Thus, by the simple process of proving that we do not buy of England what England does not produce, but do buy of protectionist countries the products in which they have a unique excellence—often a quasi-monopoly—the Cobden Club and its subsidized agents might have been utterly put to rout.

Latest advices from our "Commission of Exchange" are to the effect that the members will return home next week and make a report. As to their main purpose, which was to bring about a par of exchange between gold and silver-using countries at the ratio of 32 to 1, it has notoriously failed. Failure was freely predicted before they sailed. Then, rumor has it, they directed their efforts toward means for coercing or inducing China to adopt a stable national coinage system. This ought not to have been difficult, seeing that China was one of the Powers that prompted us to appoint this very Commission. By way of helping China to adopt a stable coinage system it is said that our Commissioners (but not their Mexican colleagues) labored for the relief of China from "the indemnity pressure." We can hardly credit such a report, since that would be an excursion into the field of diplomacy. However that may be, it is evident that no progress was made toward reducing the indemnity. It seems that some pious but divergent opinions were collected as to what China ought to do with her coinage system. England, France, and Russia think that China ought to have a national currency in place of the existing hodge-podge, but that it should be on the silver basis. Russia and France think that the coinage should be on Government account, while England agrees with Mr. Bryan that the coinage should be free; that is, that the mint should receive all the silver brought to it by private persons, and coin it for them. Our Commissioners urged that it (the Chinese silver coinage) be placed upon the gold basis at the ratio of 32 to 1. It is said that Germany, Belgium and Holland agreed "in theory" with our Commissioners. Finally, a common understanding was reached that China's popular coinage should be silver (it is now copper), and that it should be raised to the gold parity as soon as practicable. This is a conclusion that is not likely to be disputed by anybody except the Chinese. How they will look at it remains to be seen.

We cannot believe that Mr. Edward M. Shepard is feeling highly elated at the reception which his letter to the *Evening Post* in regard to negro suffrage has received at the hands of the press, unless, indeed, he is really a candidate for the Presidency. For this position he was at once nominated by the New York *Tribune*, which pointed out that, as he assured Northerners of his deep regret at discrimination against the negro, and Southerners that he would not for the world reprimand them or give the negro any relief from that same discrimination, his straddle was perfect. Mr. Shepard is also nominated for the White House by the Columbia *State*, or rather renominated, for it first suggested his name for the Presidency several months ago. The New York *Independent* calls Mr. Shepard's letter a "bid for the Presidential nomination," and says that the "great fallacy and vice of Mr. Shepard's seductive letter is in its cowardice." The Boston *Journal* thinks that the letter must prove a veritable boomerang, since he has tried in vain in three columns to formulate a policy.

The Southern press alone is really pleased by Mr. Shepard's expression of opinion. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* pronounces Mr. Shepard "a statesman with a future." The Charleston *Evening Post* thinks that Mr. Shepard's answer completely disposes of the "would-be mischief-maker" who asked him the questions, which is in startling contrast to the Des Moines *Register and Leader's* opinion that Mr. Shepard's reply is "long, shifty, adroit, and inconclusive." The Springfield *Republican* feels that a fair summary of Mr. Shepard's letter is, "Let us do nothing." "At least," says the Boston *Transcript*, "he has not run away," but it thinks that he has added nothing new or definite to the question. Differing from the Southern papers, the Boston *Herald* thinks that this letter has not bettered Mr. Shepard's chances of obtaining the Democratic nomination. Nowhere outside of the South is the document treated as a statesmanlike production. Nor could this be otherwise, for it has ever been the duty of a statesman to propose solutions for problems of state, not merely to describe evil conditions and then simply to deplore them.

A special dispatch to the *Tribune* reports that the negroes of Mississippi are greatly alarmed by the nomination of Major James K. Vardaman for the office of Governor of that State. Because of his open opposition to negro education, ignorant men of color fear that he not only will limit the number of colored schools, but will force them back into a form of slavery as soon as he takes office. Even one of the wisest leaders of the colored race writes us that, in his opinion, any successful attempt to limit the schooling of negroes in Mississippi would inevitably be followed by an effort to introduce a system of peonage similar to that recently exposed in Alabama. We have already stated our belief that Major Vardaman cannot bring about the change in the laws which he proposes, and that his election by the primaries was not permitted until the people felt that the Legislature would resist any attempt to divide the school funds according to the taxes paid by the two races. Every effort made hitherto in the South to apportion the moneys set aside for educational purposes has been overwhelmingly defeated, whether in Alabama or in North Carolina. In

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Mississippi itself a proposition to apply to each school district only the sum raised within it by the taxation of personal property was defeated as badly as it should have been. Should Vardaman undertake to carry out his ideas, he will meet with the opposition of the most enlightened men in the South, who, however they feel about the political treatment of the negro, realize that his educational uplifting is essential to the welfare and progress of their States. On the other hand, the Memphis *Scimitar* argues that Vardaman's triumph means a sound lesson to President Roosevelt for daring to dine with Booker Washington and abolish the Indiano'a post-office. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* declares that

> "Mississippi has struck the first decisive blow at those ugly children of hate and sectional rancor, those amendments to the Federal Constitution which degrade American citizenship and disgrace American civilization. Other States are sure to follow in the near future, but Mississippi will have the honor of leading the assault."

But why so hot if the amendments are a dead-letter in Mississippi?

Condemnation of peonage formed an important part of Gov. Jelks's message to the Alabama Legislature on September first. In the same document he attacked the newspapers for publishing broadcast the existence of this new slavery. His theory apparently is that such violations of law are private matters, to be dealt with by the local authorities, with due consideration for the sensibilities of the prominent politicians and leading citizens in any way involved. Unhappily, this method of avoiding publicity and pain had already been tried by the State officers and had failed. Before the Federal courts took up the cases, Gov. Jelks knew something of the extent and atrocity of the peonage system; had he been eager to suppress the outrages he could at least have made an effort, but he held his hand. Then it was that Judge Jones and District Attorney Reese, Southern men both of them, stepped into the breach and began their memorable fight for the rights of the helpless. In this contest the State Administration was worse than apathetic: the weight of its influence was thrown with the law-breakers. But, in spite of indifference and opposition, the prosecutions were carried through successfully. Gov. Jelks's message, therefore, has been wrung from him by the victories of the men at whom he has sneered and by that very publicity which he deplores. His rage is not surprising.

The Pennsylvania Democrats have been quick to seize the advantage given them in the passage of the Pennypacker libel law by the Republican Legislature. This statute has been ridiculed and condemned by almost every Republican newspaper in the State. Accordingly, the pledge adopted by last week's Democratic State Convention, to repeal the law forthwith if intrusted with the power to do so, will place the Republican candidates in a difficult and embarrassing situation. One or two of the Republican nominees on the State ticket were members of the Legislature which passed the bill, and, in fact, voted for it. Even in the Republican convention, dominated as usual by Quay, whom Pennypacker sought to shield by muzzling the press, the selection of these ex-members for places on the State ticket was opposed as inexpedient and dangerous. Several Republican newspapers, including the Philadelphia *Press*, spoke doubtfully of their candidacy, not only before they were nominated, but with equal force after the convention adjourned. With the straight-out declaration of the Democratic platform against the libel law, the outlook for these particular candidates, at least, becomes still more cloudy.

The convention in its platform confined itself to State issues, as has been the Democratic custom in Pennsylvania during recent years. This avoids the necessity of a clash with Bryanism, and also serves the better purpose of bringing out more vividly the vices of the Republican ring which controls the State. Not alone in respect to the libel law was the convention this year able to strike some heavy blows. The sham pretence of the legislation of last winter relating to elections furnishes the text for an excellent plank declaring for a personal registration law and a free ballot. To these reforms the Republicans are pledged, as well as the Democrats, but the Republican Legislature year after year has met and adjourned without accomplishing anything along these lines. Election frauds which cannot be prevented under existing law have continued in Philadelphia, blocking every attempt at regeneration there. The Quay Republicans and the Quay Democrats have profited, and the city and the State have suffered. Compared with other States, Pennsylvania's election and primary statutes are like relics of some former age. Will the decent citizens of that State never look about them for a means of relief?

Beloit, Wisconsin, furnishes an interesting example of labor-union tyranny, followed by a disaster to the workingmen who permitted themselves to be made parties to it. Beloit's population is largely dependent upon a number of manufacturing establishments. Prosperity was general when, a year ago, Robert D. Hogan appeared upon the scene. He represented himself as an "organizer," and his scheme was to gain control of the entire industrial system of the city, by means of a union which was to include every Beloit workingman. In forming this he was remarkably successful. Then he began to branch out. Organized labor, he said, was to become the dominating political force in the county. The strike and the boycott were his weapons, and he made an alliance with a corrupt political clique. But presently "Hoganism" became an issue in Beloit. Leading citizens and business men formed an organization to defeat his plans. In the long struggle which ensued they were successful. The striking workmen of Beloit, impoverished by idleness and disgusted with their leader, have now returned to work, and they have not been particular about the terms. They have agreed to give up their union cards and not to form new organizations for at least a year. By that time Hogan, it is believed, will have become only an unhappy memory in Beloit.

There are rumblings of counter-revolution in Servia. It is indeed time for such. Nearly three months have passed since the King and Queen of that country were butchered by high officers of the Servian army in the night, and their bodies flung out upon a stone pavement. Simultaneously, the press was filled with tales of depravity and wickedness on the part of the King and Queen, which made the killing necessary to the peace and good order of the Servian people. So systematic and persistent were these charges and so widely were their distributed that they left upon the minds of most persons distant from the scene of the tragedy the belief that Alexander must have been, if not a madman, at least a very bad fellow under the control of a designing vixen. Yet the reputable sources of information which have gained the liberty of speech since that time, assure us that Alexander and his wife were the opposite of nearly everything charged against them. The offence which resounded most in the public prints was that the Queen was seeking to have her brother nominated as successor to the throne in case there should be no direct heir. In other words, a question of dynasty was pending by reason of the fact that the Queen was childless, and these army officers settled it summarily by murdering the King, the Queen, the Queen's brother, and such members of the Cabinet as they could lay their hands on. Now the news comes that another conspiracy has been discovered—a conspiracy to murder the murderers. Nothing is more likely; nothing could be more appropriate. Later dispatches minimize the affair, but the history of Servia gives no warrant for the belief that the crime of the 12th of June can "trammel up the consequence and give with its surcease success." If Col. Maschin and his fellow assassins do not die with their boots on, they will cheat justice as well as defy precedent.

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SECRETARY SHAW ON CURRENCY REFORM.

In a speech at Chicago last week Secretary Shaw presented, not for the first time, but rather more definitely than before, his ideas of currency reform. He said that if he could have his way, he would allow the national banks to issue circulating notes to the amount of one-half of their bond-secured circulation, such circulation to pay a tax of 6 per cent. and to be retired at the option of the bank or by direction of the Comptroller; the mode of retirement to be by depositing lawful money of like amount in the Treasury. Thus, a bank having $100,000 of circulation secured by United States bonds would be allowed to issue $50,000 additional without other security than the assets in its own custody, by paying the tax specified, and it could cease paying the tax by depositing an equivalent amount of gold or legal tender notes in the Treasury. No mention is made of any safety fund for the redemption of the notes of failed banks, but the Secretary assumes that the 6 per cent. tax would suffice to redeem the notes of any banks that might fail.

In this conjecture he is undoubtedly right. The objection commonly raised against the safety-fund system by unthinking persons is that if all or most of the banks should fail simultaneously, the note-holders would lose, the notes not being secured by United States bonds. The fact is that only 406 national banks out of some 6,000 have failed since the system started, and more than one-half of these paid their creditors in full, principal and interest. A tax of one-eighth of 1 per cent. per annum upon circulation would have sufficed to cover all losses from failed-bank notes during those forty years. It is proper to ask, also, what would be the value of United States bonds as security for banknotes if all or most of the banks should fail? In that event the bonds would be unsalable. There would be no money to buy them, and the Government would be unable to pay its current expenses. The theory that there is a fund somewhere in the universe to keep the Government's credit good after bank credit has been destroyed, is absolute moonshine.

In consideration of the 6 per cent. tax the Secretary says that the Government should "underwrite the notes." In taking this position he goes beyond the terms of the Fowler bill or any other measure that has been considered in Congress. All these measures have stopped just short of a Government guarantee of notes not secured by bonds deposited in the Treasury. We think that the Secretary's plan is to be preferred, however, on more grounds than one. The Government ought not to allow any notes to be issued if any doubt exists as to their redemption on demand. If no such doubt exists, the Government can lose nothing by guaranteeing them. On the other hand, the guarantee is probably necessary to reconcile public opinion to any such currency. Probably the majority of bankers themselves would not agree to any scheme of assets currency without it. If our system had embraced this feature from the beginning, the case would be different, but the advocates of such a currency have to face a community which knows only a bond-secured currency and therefore thinks that there is no other kind. At bottom, however, it is only the Government guarantee that people have in mind, and, if this is supplied, political opposition will soon cease. Consequently, Secretary Shaw's suggestion under this head is worthy of all commendation.

It must not be assumed, however, that the Secretary's speech commits Congress, or even the Executive branch of the Government, to any action at the coming session. He is careful to say that the ideas which he advances are only those which he would put in execution if authority were given him. It is unlikely that the Republican leaders will take any risks on the eve of a Presidential election. If President Roosevelt is still of the same mind as he was last spring, they will remind him that if, after passing a currency bill, business should receive a setback from any cause whatever—from an early frost or an outbreak of the foot-and-mouth disease or any other disaster—the evil consequences would be charged to the currency bill, and that it might become the deciding issue of the campaign. They will say, also, that a delay of a year or two in taking up the subject cannot make much difference where so many years have already passed. And they will doubtless have their way. Nevertheless, Secretary Shaw's speech will not sink into the sand. It adds another potent voice to those of his predecessors in office in favor of an enlightened system of banknote issues.

ASPECTS OF THE ALASKA DISPUTE.

The Alaska Boundary Commissioners, now in conference in Downing Street, have before them a weighty matter. Some four hundred miles of the Pacific Coast are in dispute. The granting of the American claim would leave Canada cut off by ten leagues from the sea between Lynn Canal and Portland Channel. Were, on the other hand, the Canadian contention approved, Canada would gain access to the sea through numerous bays and inlets, and the continental holdings of the United States in the disputed region would be reduced to a ragged line of disconnected headlands. A possible compromise between the extreme claims would affirm the title of the United States to the coast strip in general, but would give Canada the port of Skaguay on the Lynn Canal and an outlet for the gold of the Klondike. Or, again, the present Commission, divided as it is equally into three British and three American members, without an umpire, may arrive at no decision, but adjourn in a deadlock.

That would be unfortunate. We believe that our case is so good that it will win over at least one of the Canadian Commissioners, who doubtless entertain a similar confidence. But should this not happen, we believe the matter would still be nearer a conclusion. When either side shall have presented its case *in extenso*, the materials for a decision will be at hand. Both Canada and the United States are interested in having the matter decided, and, in the event of a tie vote at London, the whole materials of the hearing could be laid before the Hague Tribunal, which exists precisely for such purposes, and an impartial decision reached without delay. Of course, a verdict by the joint commission would in every way be more desirable. But we cannot believe that the dispute will in any case be allowed to end ignominiously, short of a settlement.

This outstanding controversy has thwarted all negotiations between Canada and the United States, because it has involved a kind of international irritation. On the Canadian side, it is natural that a certain distrust should be felt in all direct dealings with the United States, which is the stronger party and the party in possession. The reference of the matter to an uninstructed commission should remove such misgivings. It shows that, to establish our claim, we are not appealing to our wealth and population, but to geographical and diplomatic evidence; and that we assume that the Canadian representatives, like our own, are capable of weighing such evidence dispassionately. Secretary Root's resignation, too, has tardily done something to mitigate the impropriety of his serving on the Commission. Even in the event of a decision unfavorable to Canada, we feel sure that the verdict would be received philosophically, and that the relations between Canada and the United States would be improved by the removal of a peculiarly vexatious ground of contention. For, with a quite legitimate sensitiveness, Canada's interest has been chiefly to get a full and fair hearing, and to be free from humiliating pressure, either from Washington or Westminster. Although an unsuccessful pleader, she would still be better off than she has been as a litigant denied access to court, and plagued both by her opponents and by her friends to abate something of her claims.

When all is said and done, the possession of the entire disputed littoral is not to be weighed for a moment with the possibilities of trade across the undis-

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puted border of Canada. A very little conference and good will on either side would reduce to a neighborly height the "spite-wall" which now separates the two domains. In the new Canadian Northwest there are possibilities of an enormously increased trade in agricultural machinery, tools, and clothing, while a freer influx of Canadian wheat to our mills and of lumber to our sawmills and factories, would greatly benefit our manufacturers. With our rapidly growing population we could draw far more liberally upon the excellent farm and dairy products of the Dominion without prejudicing our own producers. In short, reciprocity would quickly show its beneficent effects at points as remote as the wheat fields of Peace River and the olive orchards of California; the evergreen forests of James Bay and the cotton mills of Alabama. What has stood in the way of so good a bargain has been precisely the uneasiness and mutual distrust engendered by this Alaskan matter. Once that were out of the way, trade relations could be discussed with some reasonable hope of a happy outcome. Since it was the Alaskan quarrel that, some years ago, brought the sitting of the Joint High Commission to an untimely end, the United States now, assuming that the Alaskan dispute is in way of settlement, should reconvene the Commission. All statesmanlike considerations combine to urge that, after the decision of the only serious difference which parts us from Canada, our entire Canadian relations should be scrutinized by the expert body which exists for that purpose—namely, the Joint High Commission.

OUR OWN PARKS.

It is one of the current tales of the Reconstruction era that a nomination was once sent into the Senate, for the office of District Attorney in a Southern State, of a man known to Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin to be a bad character—not an unusual phenomenon of the period. The Senator took pains to inquire who were the backers of the candidate, and found out that Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania was one of them. He went to Stevens to remonstrate against such an appointment and told him plainly that Mr. So-and-So, the appointee, was an infernal rascal. "Very likely," replied Stevens, "but he is *our* infernal rascal." History records that although the Senator appreciated the sardonic humor of Stevens, he thought that a joke might be carried too far, and therefore took pains to have the nomination withdrawn by the President.

Evidently a considerable number of men in New York, mostly members of the Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union, consider "Sam" Parks their infernal rascal, since they received him with cheers when he arrived at the Grand Central Station and again when he reached the familiar precincts of the Tombs. The enthusiasm could hardly have been greater if he had returned from a successful engagement with a foreign enemy instead of coming for a temporary respite from the penitentiary. The respite granted by Judge Sewell does not alter the moral features of Parks's offence in any degree. The certificate of "reasonable doubt" was granted (if we may believe a reported interview) on the technical ground that Parks's threat to call a strike on Mr. Plenty was not a threat to do an injury to person or property, and therefore was not a violation of the law which defines and punishes extortion. This question will be examined by the higher courts and need not be predetermined by the newspapers; but, whatever the decision may be, the fact that Parks extorted money from Plenty under the threat of "calling out" his workmen, and perjured himself to boot, settled his status in the minds of all decent people. Sending him back to Sing Sing cannot lower him in their estimation. Putting him at the head of the procession on Labor Day has not raised him higher.

The return of Parks from the prison walls is perhaps not the worst thing that could befall the community just now. He had been sentenced for the least of the several acts of blackmail for which he had been indicted. The other charges are still pending, but he could not be tried on any of them while "serving time" in prison. He is now within reach of the District Attorney, who will no doubt use due diligence in bringing him before juries on the other cases. At the present stage of the proceedings, the public is more interested to learn whether the rumors in circulation about Parks's alleged employers are true or not. The public wants to know whether he was hired by certain rich men who paid for his services and reaped profits from the strikes which he called in the building trade. The air is full of rumors on this subject, which of course may be wholly false. It has been published that a certain building company brought Parks from Chicago to New York to call strikes on their competitors. It has been reported that Parks made himself useful by calling strikes on his employers also, in emergencies when they met with delays in procuring materials and could not finish their contracts within the stipulated time. Being protected by a "strike clause" in the contracts, it is said that they could take refuge under it to excuse delays arising from other mishaps.

It may be that all these charges are false and malicious, but they ought to be proved false in the course of judicial proceedings, and no proceedings would be so likely to bring out the facts as the trial of Parks on the indictments still hanging over him. Much complaint has been made, in labor circles, against District Attorney Jerome, for his failure to indict the wealthy sinners in this miserable business. He has replied in general terms that he will thankfully receive any evidence showing an infraction of law within the scope of his duties as prosecuting officer, whatever be the station in life of the guilty party. Now, if Parks was employed and paid by anybody to perform the tricks which landed him in Sing Sing, the present interval is a fitting one in which to disclose the facts. Then, if Mr. Jerome fails to take the proper action, it will be time enough to accuse him of favoring rich men while bearing down heavily on the working classes.

Whether Parks finishes his term in the penitentiary or not, whether he is convicted on the remaining indictments or not, the atmosphere has been cleared by the trial of his case. The public has had a glimpse of a lower deep in the affairs of organized labor than anybody had before sounded. The laborers have been the greatest sufferers from the calling of these blackmailing strikes. The losses fell upon them with the greatest force, since the wages lost to-day cannot be recovered to-morrow. There is terrible suffering in the city now in consequence of Parks's operations, in the families of men who are cheering him whenever he shows his shaven head on the street. Class pride and party pride may sustain them and him for the moment, but they cannot remain ignorant of the underlying truth that they have been betrayed by their leader for his own private gain.

HERRESHOFF'S ACHIEVEMENT.

That this year's races for the *America's* Cup, now ended, have proved a grievous disappointment to all interested in the sport, has been patent for some time. The failure of the third *Shamrock* has been so great as to make it evident that somebody has blundered, and blundered egregiously. Whether this is due to a miscalculation of the English yacht's sailing length and a consequent failure to get her down to her racing lines, or to a different cause, will probably not be known for some time—not until after the acuteness of the disappointment has somewhat passed away. Only once—in the second contest—did *Shamrock* come up to the just expectation of those who saw and studied her powerful lines and beautiful hull. Then, even with her smaller sail-spread, she pressed *Reliance* hotly—a performance so at variance with the rest of her exhibitions as not to be wholly explained by the weather conditions. For the rest, it must be believed that *Columbia* could have won a majority of five contests with her, and that *Shamrock II.* could likewise have led her over the course. Mortifying as this showing is, Sir Thom-

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as Lipton has every reason to be proud of his own bearing and of the sportsman-like manner in which the races were sailed to the bitter end. He has allowed nothing to mar the good feeling of the contest, and has scrupulously refrained from assigning any reasons for his discomfiture, except that he had the poorer boat. Nothing better can be said of him than that he has heightened the excellent impression made upon the American public in the two previous series of races.

But this unexpectedly poor showing of *Shamrock* takes no lustre from the laurels fairly earned by Mr. Nathaniel G. Herreshoff. For ten years past he has devoted himself to the problem of turning out one 90-footer after another which should each be faster than the last. Barring the uncertainty in regard to *Constitution's* actual powers, he has succeeded so well as to win from Sir Thomas Lipton and the greater part of the English press an extraordinary tribute—the declaration that it is useless to compete with him. Limited to a given water-line length, he has year after year managed to produce vessels of greater and greater sail-spread and with more and more power in their hulls. It does not detract from the sum of his achievements that, during this decade of triumph, he has profited by the experiments of another. It is altogether questionable whether *Reliance* would have possessed all her speedy qualities had there been no *Independence*. But the latter's designer, Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, is willing to admit that, while marvellously fast under certain conditions, she was, all in all, not a success as a racer. Mr. Herreshoff had the skill to profit by Mr. Crowninshield's innovations and to avoid his mistakes. He has never sought to deny Mr. Crowninshield's leadership in the direction of the exaggerated above-water hull—of the scow-like body with an immense fin—but he himself has given to the type what is probably its ultimate power and refinement.

As far as this class of boat is concerned, *Reliance* must be considered the climax. In the face of Mr. Herreshoff's genius it would certainly be hazardous to declare off-hand that he could not successfully carry the racing machine one step further. Fortunately, the new measurement rules of the New York Yacht Club have sounded the death-knell of the type. Should there be another challenge for the Cup from any quarter, Mr. Herreshoff must give his attention to a new problem. That all forms of yachting will profit by this change we firmly believe. For two decades we have been witnessing a scientific digression—a *tour de force*—by which the cruising yachtsman and the merchant ship-owner have profited but little and have been injured a good deal, so far as they have attempted to imitate the Herreshoff machines. When Mr. Crowninshield built the only seven-master afloat, he returned at once to the clipper bow and the moderate stern overhang—a fact which confutes those who profess to see enormous gains to naval architecture in general from the cup contests. And hundreds of small, shallow-bodied, fin-keeled and oversparred imitations of the great machines force their owners into harbors when the breezes freshen, if they do not actually endanger the lives of their crews.

From all this there should be a reversion to the sensible and seaworthy cruising type. Future Cup challengers and defenders will, we hope, be stanch enough to cross the ocean under their normal canvas, as did *America* and many of her successors. We trust, too, that Thursday's race marks the end of the great singlestickers, with their costly bronze hulls and fragile rigging. Smaller sloops or racing schooners afford as much sport and give the designers as much scope as the vessels that now cost half a million dollars or more to build, fit out, and race during a five months' season. Indeed, the enormous sums spent on this year's racers have caused much uneasiness and much justifiable criticism. Certainly, no one can contend that the benefits resulting to yacht racing or to naval designing are sufficient to counterbalance such unduly extravagant expenditure. If the new rules and the outcome of this year's contest together mark the end of yacht racing by aid of millionaires' syndicates, the futile efforts of *Shamrock III.* will mark a turning-point of great importance in yachting history.

COBDEN ONCE MORE.

Those who recall the various phases of the tariff controversy in this country for the past two decades will remember how frequently Republican organs and orators fulminated their anathemas against the Cobden Club for its alleged disbursement of "British gold" among our people for the propagation of free-trade ideas. When a popular majority was registered at the polls for protection, we used to be told that the American workingman could not be corrupted by the jingle of the guinea. When the cause of free trade seemed to prevail at the ballot-box, Republican editors were wont to sit and scrape themselves with potsherds and lament the presence of "the accursed thing" within the camp. The picture of Zeus in the fable lavishly filling the bosom of Danaë with gold shadowed forth only dimly the alleged profusion of the minions of the Cobden Club towards the poor and susceptible American voter.

This canard of an insular British conspiracy against American protectionism has received only recently a death-blow at the hands of no less a protectionist than the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain. Having been taken to task by the Cobden Club in his attempt to fasten upon Great Britain the incubus of protection, he retorts that an answer to the Club's criticisms is unnecessary, as the Club "appears mainly to be supported by foreigners whose interest it is that we [England] should maintain our present system of free imports." It is in vain that the secretary of this treasonable club reminds Mr. Chamberlain that he himself was for many years a member of the club; that the only foreign members of the Club are elected to spread the free-trade agitation in their respective countries; and that these foreign members have neither voice nor vote in determining the Club's policy. No sensible Englishman will be caught by such Jesuitical chaff. Prove to him that the Cobden Club is an engine of "foreigners," and the days of free trade in England are numbered. Whatever be thought of Mr. Chamberlain's political consistency, his adroitness in striking a responsive chord in the breast of the average British Philistine is unquestioned. The Cobden Club's motto is, "The Field is the World." Mr. Chamberlain's motto is, "'E's a stranger: 'eav' 'arf a brick at 'im." There can be little question that "pushful Joseph" is a devout believer in what has been called the first rule in English politics—"When in doubt, kick Cobden."

But, whatever the result of the tariff controversy in England, the disclosure of the true inwardness of the Cobden Club's membership and animus is sufficient to suggest a number of very curious reflections. The conspiracy against protection is evidently no contracted, insular, English plot against American industrial independence, but a world-wide confederacy whose all-embracing malevolence is only less detestable than the hidden craft with which it has for years masked its designs under the outward form and semblance of the Cobden Club. Who are these foreigners? Are they possibly identical with the "Money Power" which the Thespian Bryan tried twice in vain to exorcise? Of their boundless wealth there can be no question, for, as Mr. McKinley taught us, "the foreigner pays the tax," and this little trifle of three hundred millions annually laid down at our custom houses still leaves them a margin wherewith to subsidize the campaign against Mr. Chamberlain and to defeat him in Argyllshire. The field of speculation which this query opens is evidently limitless.

Fortunately there is balm in Gilead. There is a sovereign remedy against the allurements of foreign gold. This is none other than the benevolent Trust. The first penetrating mind to detect and promulgate this truth was that incorruptible patriot, Senator Quay. Speaking upon the amendments to the Wilson bill, and apropos of the assaults upon the Sugar Trust, he said:

"The only serious argument against the

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Trust is its large accumulation of profits, and, as I have shown in my introductory remarks, it is necessary that a great industry of this country should have a surplus of profit in view of the continuously threatened attack of the Democratic party."

Our British cousins need not be slow to take the Senator's hint. Let the industrial structure of England become still more thickly honeycombed with industrial Trusts whose surplus reserves are ample for all parliamentary exigencies, and "Britons never will be slaves" to those insidious "foreigners" who seek to perpetuate the industrial and commercial subjection of the tight little island. There is one qualification to the efficacy of this remedy against foreign gold, however, and it may perhaps be added in language which parodies the advice that Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review* so kindly gave to Brother Jonathan:

"We can inform our cousin John Bull what are the inevitable consequences of being too much afraid of foreigners and their competition. Trust prices on every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot; Trust prices on everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; Trust prices upon warmth, light, and locomotion; Trust prices on everything on earth and the waters under the earth, on everything which comes from abroad or is grown at home; Trust prices on the raw material; Trust prices on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; Trust prices on the sauce that pampers man's appetite and the drug that restores him to health, on the ermine of the judge and the rope that hangs the criminal, on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice, on the wire nails of the coffin and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his Trust-made top; the beardless youth manages his Trust-manufactured bicycle, with its Leather Trust saddle, on an Asphalt Trust road; and the dying American, pouring his imported medicine which has paid 50 per cent. into a tin-plate spoon which has paid 100 per cent., flings himself back on his taffeta bed which has paid 150 per cent., makes his will on a part of the product of the Paper Trust, and expires in the arms of a physician whose education has come from a Trust-endowed medical school. His whole property is then taxed by direct and collateral inheritance taxes to lessen the Trusts' tax quotas. His virtues are handed down to posterity on a slab bought of the Marble Trust, and he is then gathered to his fathers to be fleeced, we trust, no more."

THE LAST OF THE HUMBERTS.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the trial which has resulted in the condemnation of the Humberts is the ease with which a mystery, impenetrable for many years, has been unravelled in a few sessions of a French court. On the strength of phantom millions the Humbert family floated no less than 700,000,000 francs of notes, much of which went in usury and renewals, but 60,000,000 francs of which they actually received in cash. To understand how a fraud which deceived shrewd attorneys, grasping money-lenders, trained officers of justice, and all Paris, has reduced itself to a very simple and even vulgar lie, one must go back to the time when the peasant girl Thérèse Daurignac lived humbly with her father at Toulouse.

Old Daurignac was a visionary, such as Daudet would have loved. He brought up the family in the expectation of sudden riches from mysterious but certain sources. He imagined himself heir to a Portuguese estate. While his part in the later gigantic swindle remains in doubt, it is possible that he was merely the victim of an incorrigible imagination. In any case, it is interesting to note that Thérèse, driven into a corner by cross-examination, offered as sole and sufficient evidence of the fictitious Crawfords and their millions merely her father's word. Her own beginning as an impostor was apparently the discovery that she could borrow money on the family lies, and her first really characteristic transaction was to outwit her dressmaker into furnishing a trousseau for a brilliant but wholly imaginary marriage.

But the sheer inventiveness of Thérèse's temperament somewhat disqualified her from working out the details of her fictions. This defect she showed constantly at the trial, where she fell back on rather stupid iteration—"The Crawfords exist; the millions exist," etc. Accordingly, it is very doubtful if she would have achieved international renown in falsehood had she not added to herself an ideal confederate in Frédéric Humbert. The son of a highly respected jurist and esteemed member of Dufaure's Cabinet, Frédéric Humbert concealed under the mask of dilettante poet and artist the qualities of a skilled advocate and the capacities of an astute man of affairs. To him we may credit, probably, the invention of an interminable lawsuit with those imaginary litigants, the Crawfords. It must have been the genius of Thérèse that made the lie perfectly safe and permanently available, by obtaining a writ which sealed the supposititious millions against all the world—and herself. For it is only the part played by the empty safe in the Avenue de la Grande Armée which raises the Humbert affair above the average of rogues' comedies. The law had assumed that the safe was full of valuable securities; creditors could do no less. When they pressed for payment Thérèse could show them the safe and bid them be patient, as she was. Her argument was incontrovertible: the millions in the safe were under litigation in the French court; the lawsuit must have an end; sooner or later she was bound to come into possession; the risk was at the worst merely on the scale of a *post-obit* advance. Every bit of this argument was true except that the millions were not in the safe or elsewhere—an embarrassing detail, as Maître Labori later acknowledged for his clients. Before the mystery of her unopened safe Mme. Humbert was impregnable.

Whatever genius there was in the fraud lay in making a legal sequestration take the place of visible securities. The rest was very vulgar lying or primitive legerdemain. For example, M. Dumort, an anxious creditor, was allowed a peephole vision of the inventorying of the estate by the Humberts and Crawfords. He heard people counting what looked like securities, saw palpable coupons cut, and was satisfied. Another creditor was made manager of the fictitious château of Marcotte, about which so insalubrious a climate was promptly cast that he could not be persuaded to occupy his post. The *viveur* brother, Romain Daurignac, habitually played the parts of the younger Crawfords on the rare occasions when any of that persistently litigious family had to appear in person. All this was fraud of a very common kind. Accordingly, we feel that the counsel for the defence had recourse to a wholly untenable paradox when he maintained that the story of the Humberts was too strange, complicated, and consistent to be anything but true. It was, on the contrary, reducible to two simple inventions—namely, fictitious litigants and a legally registered but really uncertified deposit of the contested property under seal.

When the safe was opened and found empty except for a little rubbish, the Crawford millions vanished in the haze from which they had been evolved. For nobody will believe Thérèse Humbert in the incoherent assertions in which she builds a new and less plausible fabrication upon the wreck of the old. She will have us believe that Crawford was the *nom de guerre* of the condemned traitor, Régnier, Bismarck's reputed intermediary with Bazaine. It was—on this theory—the detestable origin of the Humbert fortune that gave Régnier-Crawford unlimited power over the unhappy beneficiaries. And, again, it was by compulsion of the sons of the traitor that the securities were removed to no one knows where just before Mme. Humbert's creditors had the safe opened. By a dire stretch of professional loyalty, Maître Labori asserted his belief in this legend. Few will follow him. It is far easier to see that Thérèse, confounded in the arch lie and cornered by the law, fell back upon the family habit of lying desperately and inconsequentially.

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Contrary to expectation, the trial did not disclose official complicity in the fraud. The Humberts had invented premises so plausible and so readily believed that they were able to act upon what would have been honest lines had the phantom millions and the Crawfords ever existed. By the apparent regularity of their current transactions they put everybody off their guard, from the keenest of their usurer creditors to the humble folk who put their savings into the annuities of the *Rente Viagère*. The interest of the deception lay in its extreme simplicity—in the possibility of conducting endless litigation with men of straw, and, in France at least, of obtaining a kind of legal evidence of things unseen.

WAYS AND MEANS OF THE WEST COAST MEXICANS.

MEXICO, 1903.

The west coast of Mexico is often called a desert. During the dry season it certainly has a desolate aspect, but the luxuriant foliage of its almost interminable thickets, and the bush grass on the higher ground, where the oaks, palmettos, and sprawling guajalotes grow, give another and more pleasing impression during the rainy season. It then becomes apparent how mankind can live and thrive here. Even in the dry season the abundant population of Sinaloa would indicate that in some manner food could be easily and cheaply produced. The brown-skinned natives are encountered everywhere. In the very heart of the wilderness they are seldom out of sight. Here you see them clearing ground for a cornfield; there cutting firewood or burning charcoal; again building great stone walls to protect a coming crop of beans. Cutting wattles for a house, or palm leaves for thatching; digging clay for tiles and pottery; constructing ditches for irrigation; trenching a rich piece of ground for a canefield; driving burros laden with onions, or pumpkins, or oranges, to market—everywhere are men, women, children, where you least would expect a living soul, all busy after their fashion, patient, and contented. The roads are always full of people, from the Don who wears a white shirt and has shoes on his feet, mounted in a saddle with silver trimmings, to the peon with sandals, and a big kerchief tied at the corners and swung from one shoulder, containing some cold tortillas and an onion for lunch, and a red zarape for his bed at night.

Everywhere, too, are ranchers, great and small. A good bit of bottom land and a little water are sure to be supplemented by a group of palm-thatched huts and a teeming population. It may excite wonder to see so many people huddled by so small a stretch of cultivated ground, but one must not forget the *monte*, the adjacent wooded upland, where cattle and sheep find food for nine or ten months of the year. This explains part of the mystery. Furthermore, one must remember that these sturdy *peones* will start off merrily on foot for some big sugar plantation or busy mining camp, fifty, a hundred, even two hundred miles away, to earn good wages until the season for planting corn or rounding up their cattle. Distance does not deter these people, for they come of a race of runners, able to travel forty or fifty miles a day without fatigue. On the other hand, their wants are few. They tolerate no impedimenta. They leave their wattle houses without concern, for no one will steal or destroy them (a bit of freemasonry this); and when they return, a day's labor will repair the ravages of a season of disuse. There is something to be said in favor of such a life, after all. It does not promote the virtues which responsibilities are supposed to foster; neither does it narrow existence to a routine of cares. It certainly has the charm of freedom, and it encourages a happy (some might say a happy-go-lucky) disposition. Home life, of the kind which the Anglo-Saxon prizes, does not flourish under such conditions, which nevertheless yield the kind that rejoices the heart of the poor Mexican; and what quarrel should the world have with the way in which a certain people compass enough of happiness to make life worth living? There is often a beauty and picturesqueness in the family gatherings in these humble Mexican dwellings so irresistible that one would regret to have them changed. In the little kitchen—dingy, grimy *cocina* though it be—the women will be chatting merrily about the fire, grinding corn into *masa* on the great stone *metate*, or shaping the cakes with a ringing flip-flap between the open palms, while the men outside in the *portal* will be exchanging jests with the women, or stealing in beside them to toast a morsel of dried beef by the fire, or to get a whiff from a pot of savory *chili-con-carne*. The paterfamilias is almost certain to have the youngest scion of the house in his arms, caressing and playing with it. A charming characteristic of these people is their love for children, their devotion to their families, their self-sacrificing care for their kindred. In town they may drink too much mezcal, may patronize the cockfight and the bull ring, may stake their earnings too freely at the gambling table—but it were wrong not to weigh their virtues against their vices.

A different situation presents itself at the larger ranches. Here the community consists of a master and his men. The master is in his way a petty baron. His house is distinguished by stability, usually a solid structure of adobe, with a tile roof. It may even be plastered and whitewashed, with a blue or pink dado along the front under the generous *portal*. At one end of the porch will be a horizontal pole bearing an array of saddles, bridles, horsehair lariats, and other horse furnishings. His Worship is a horseman, first and last. He is fond of animals, and perhaps lives a little too close to them to suit some tastes. He enjoys seeing the pigs put on *arrobas* of fat, and will let them wallow at the edge of the *portal* under the *enramada*, that awning of branches which extends in front of the porch of every west-coast house. If his spouse has a fancy for flowers, then the pigs squeal dolefully just outside the patio. In the corral the Don will expatiate on the merits of each mule and burro. He looks zealously after his live stock. He keeps his corn well locked in a room in his house. He keeps a record of every *fanega* of this precious corn, every bundle of fodder; nothing on his ranch is too insignificant to enter into his memoranda and accounts. It will be seen that he is no rolling stone, but is of the kind that gathers moss. He is keen to get good prices, and will haggle over a cent. His *peones* get a pittance, and are held rigidly to their tasks. A man can do so much labor of this or that kind in a day. The Don knows precisely the amount, and is vigilant to obtain the worth of the wages paid. The methods of agriculture may look crude to foreign eyes, but the system is perfect, and in practising it master and man know their respective obligations to the uttermost detail. Precisely here lies the wide difference between the native and the foreigner, which causes the one to succeed where the other will fail. The immigrant attempting to operate a ranch of moderate size almost invariably finds himself overwhelmed by a labor account that cannot be curtailed, while the returns are utterly disproportionate to the expenses. A large plantation can be managed more successfully, because mainly of the possibilities which it affords for a division of labor, admitting of better superintendence. But the small immigrant farmer in Mexico will fail dismally where a Mexican would grow rich. It is useless to laugh at the primitive native methods when they produce as good crops as the foreigner can get with his improved ploughs and harrows and drills, and at less expense. The Mexican plough, the same as that used in Asia Minor millenniums ago, is especially an object of Gringo ridicule. It is a crude implement, no doubt, and its use would be impossible in a region where sod was to be turned under, as in the north; but in these light soils, free from obstacles, it is remarkably efficient, even though it does require more labor to prepare a given area. It is by no means the simple crooked stick that some imagine. It consists of eight distinct pieces. There is the *espiga* or plough proper, with its *mancera* and *manga* to guide it, the *timon* to draw it, the *orejera* to preserve the proper angle to admit of deep or shallow ploughing, the *telera* to firmly connect the *timon* and *espiga*, and two *cuñas* or wedges to tighten up all the parts. This complicated structure costs complete but one silver dollar, or about thirty-eight cents gold. If it bears a steel point, this costs another dollar, or seventy-six cents for the whole. The Mexican rancher will look long at the difference in cost between his native plough, which his workmen understand, and the imported article worth three or four times as much, and costing several silver dollars every year for repairs.

The small rancher is equally persistent in his devotion to the ways of his fathers in sugar production. Sugar is the prospective basis of future prosperity throughout Sinaloa; great plantations are already established, and greater ones are being opened up by both Mexican and foreign capital. The soil and the climate favor it. Those who have had experience in sugar culture affirm that the quantity of saccharine matter per ton is appreciably higher in the cane of Sinaloa than in that of Louisiana, and the tonnage per acre likewise greater. Hence the large sugar plantations in the valleys of the Fuerte, Culiacan, and Quilá (or San Lorenzo) Rivers. Here modern methods are in vogue, and not only sugar, but alcohol and imitations of imported liquors, are manufactured on an im-

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mense scale. This industry is as yet only in its infancy in Sinaloa, but in a few years, at the present rate of progress, it will make of this State one of the great sugar centres of America. Even the small planter makes money to-day, trenching, planting, and harvesting by hand. He expresses the juice in a home-made wooden *trapiche*, which creaks and groans as the oxen slowly revolve it, grinding a half-dozen stalks at a time. He boils the juice in a great saucer-shaped copper kettle, made by local coppersmiths at $100 silver each; and when the sugar begins to crystallize, he beats it with a paddle until it is ready to cast into little cakes of *penoche*, weighing about half a pound, for which he gets three cents silver each. It is small business, but the Mexican rancher counts and hoards his pennies until he possesses a good bank account. He lets nature and cheap labor help him out as far as possible, and though the system be wasteful he is sure of enough profit to satisfy him. Even in the management of his cattle he is improvident according to Northern standards, but he makes it pay. He exercises no control over the breeding of his stock, and he lets them feed themselves. He sells a portion of his herd readily at from $20 to $25 silver per head. This is nearly all clear profit. He drives his cows in September up into the hills where the best pasture exists, and devotes a month to cheese making. He raises chickens, turkeys, pigs, and goats. Prudent, frugal, strictly attentive to the details of his ranching, he makes no experiments in new methods, but, sticking closely to the ways which he and his workmen know, he grows rich.

Even his land has cost him little. When you come into knowledge of the inner secrets of life here you will find many curious customs. The Don, in his substantial home, will usually be only the possessor of a *derecho*, that is, a "right," in a great tract of communal lands. The people around him, living in *jacales*, and serving him for wages which seem pitifully small, will often be his own relatives, likewise owners of *derechos* in these same lands. They are free to use the uncultivated portions of the lands, and all their natural products, if they choose. The main part is enterprise. The man who can is the man who extracts the good out of the land. If he fences a piece and uses it, large or small, it becomes his as fully as though he owned it in fee simple, until he chooses to abandon it. Thus the more aggressive, energetic men absorb estates, leaving nothing worth having for the other heirs. These *derechos* can be sold, previously giving to each of the other heirs the option of buying at the price offered. The *derecho* may bring little money, but the improvements, houses, corrals, fences, and the like, are the personal property of the man who erected them, and as such can be conveyed. Thus the buyer acquires all the advantage which the original holder of the *derecho* had possessed. The more progressive men, however, watch their opportunities to buy the other rights, and gradually acquire absolute ownership.

But there are uncertainties in their tenure, too, dangers which disturb the peace and serenity of these little barons. The communal holdings for the most part result from ancient grants to Indian tribes, and usually represent the areas tributary to some old mission which may have existed two hundred or more years ago. The limits were loosely determined, and conflicts ensued, leading to efforts at various times to reëstablish the boundaries. Good King Charles the Third, whose methods were eminently sane and business-like, issued a multitude of new titles to put an end to strife and bickerings in Mexico. But parchment requires better care than it receives in the oaken strong boxes of these rural people, and, in default of registry in well-kept archives, there is often great difficulty in establishing proofs of ownership. Also, many communities were careless in fulfilling their obligations to the tax department, or the records of their payments have been lost. Accordingly, great areas were solicited ("denounced" in local parlance) on representations that they were *baldío* or unclaimed lands. Many titles even were issues, to new claimants, covering old communal lands, and this process of absorption is going on to-day. Land grabbing on a large scale has become a profession practised by many who thus find an easy way to enrich themselves. Moreover, the limits of these lands are still uncertain. The law even recognizes classes of lands under the denominations of *excedencias* and *demasías*. *Excedencias* exist when the landmarks are well known and undisputed but the areas included between the side lines are in excess of what was claimed in the grant or title. *Demasías* are those which have been occupied and exploited by the holders of the ancient titles under the belief that they lay within the grant, when in reality they were outside of the lines intended. In either case the title is not valid with reference to such tracts, and serious difficulties often attend the rectification of boundaries, and obstinate litigation frequently ensues. Unfortunately for the owners, they are so prone to persist strenuously in defending their titles, when they might readily take advantage of the provisions of the later laws for their protection, that they become easy victims of the unscrupulous land grabbers. A community with a hazy title has only to redenounce the land as *baldío*, and all questions of ownership will be forever set at rest. Of course the matter of *excedencias* and *demasías* may cause trouble, and belligerent neighbors may refuse to recognize the limits of the new denouncement, but there are ways to solve such dilemmas, and as a last resort the law clearly recognizes prescriptive rights, which will preclude a man in actual occupancy from being dispossessed. But the amount which any person could hold in this way is so small that he would usually lose the great ranges of pasture which mean so much for his prosperity.

The Mexican Government is very wisely seeking to terminate all communal holdings by dividing the land among the several owners of rights. Such partition of lands is being brought about through the increase of towns, the inhabitants demanding local self-government, which is almost invariably granted. This involves a most interesting recognition of the communal basis on which these ancient grants depended. Each community was supposed to represent a group gathered about the old mission station. Surrounding the mission as a centre were the *ejidos* and *fundo legal*, forever inalienable from the community, consisting of a square league, more or less, for the common use of the people. This tract then becomes the modern town site, the head or *cabacera* of the municipality, and the lands beyond are subdivided among the heirs.

This principle is extended to undivided estates, so that on petition of a sufficient number of citizens the town site is set apart in accordance with their desires, and private owners can be compelled to sell the land required when the Legislature of the State grants the petition. The intent of the law is, in one way or another, to make definite the old shadowy titles, and to secure to the people the enjoyment of local self-government. But in permitting the denouncement by individuals of immense areas of *baldío*, or unclaimed, lands, many of the evils of the old régime are perpetuated. The Government, however, does not allow the denouncement of lands or water rights which are not to be used legitimately, and thus the sequestration of property for purposes of extortion are rare, and occur only where those who would suffer by it have not been diligent in making representation of the facts to the authorities in due season. There are few countries in the world where the laws relating to real property are simpler and fairer than in Mexico, and the complications with the old colonial laws are readily untangled if one secures proper legal advice. It is the native Mexican who suffers more than the foreigner, and this is because the bent of his mind disposes him to maintain that what always has been must remain unchanged. If he and his fathers were supposed to own a piece of land, if his possession has been recognized by his neighbors, he is ready to dispute any question of the strict legality of his pretensions, though he has not a scrap of paper to show for them, nor has complied with the laws touching the payment of taxes. He may even undertake to defend his claims with the rifle, and some bloody feuds have resulted in consequence. In equity he may have the right on his side, and one can but respect his attitude, but many of these men represent the spirit of the aborigines who, though possessing ample moral claims to the lands on which they lived, did not effectively occupy and use them.

COURTENAY DE KALB.

THIERS ENTREATING THE POWERS.

PARIS, August 25, 1903.

The 'Notes et Souvenirs' of M. Thiers, printed under the editorial care of his sister-in-law, Mademoiselle Dosne, was first given to but a small number of friends; but several passages in the volume, the publication of which was not authorized, having been indiscreetly cited and even reproduced, it has become necessary to publish it. The work relates to the eventful period of 1870-1871. "M. Thiers," says the publisher, "wrote no memoirs; he left only notes relative to his diplomatic journey in September, 1870, to his interviews with Bismarck on the subject of an armistice in October, 1870, and to the negotiations of the preliminaries of peace in 1871."

The journey in 1870 had for its object to interest the great Powers in the cause of France, which had suffered terrible defeats.

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The Government formed on the 4th of September, which called itself the Government of National Defence, confided to M. Thiers a mission which had little chance of success. The Imperial Government had committed an irreparable mistake in declaring war on Prussia, on the most futile pretext; the new Government, improvised on the 4th of September, had not been chosen by the French people represented by a National Assembly; it was a government *de facto*, and nobody could clearly foresee what future and authority were in store for it. The war had, besides, led to successive defeats of France with terrible rapidity; mediation or intervention on the part of a European Power was hardly to be thought of, under the circumstances. M. Thiers undertook his journey almost against hope; but he felt that his activity in Paris after a revolution could not be very great, and he hoped that the consideration which was felt for him in Europe might eventually be of some use to his unfortunate country.

He first went to London, but he left no notes on his interviews with Lord Granville; he sent only two dispatches to M. Jules Favre, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Government of the 4th of September. They were published in M. Favre's work on the 'Government of National Defence,' and show clearly that Thiers obtained nothing from Lord Granville, who was courtesy itself, but his polite and kind words were devoid of any real political significance.

Thiers left London on the 18th of September for Russia. He stopped only a few hours at Tours, crossed the Mont Cenis and arrived in Vienna on the 23d of September. He had the next day a conference with Von Beust, whom he thus describes:

"M. de Beust, tall of stature, with some personal pretentiousness, always smiling, acute, witty, the man who, among all those whom I have known, seems to believe the least what he says, noting with pleasure the former mistakes of Austria, not forgetting the error he made her commit when he dragged her, with Saxony, into the affairs of Denmark. . . ."

After having said that France had not desired the war, that even the Ministry had made it in weak concession to the Bonapartist party, "the sole author of this fatal war," Thiers added: "I said that the Republic was the only Government possible at present, and perhaps for a time which nobody could calculate; perhaps forever, if it knew how to behave itself." He said further, that the interest of Europe was not to let Prussia have her own way; the Powers might each in what concerned itself commit the mistake which Napoleon III. made after Sadowa. Beust's answer was very refrigerating. Austria, to be sure, wished for a *revanche*, but did not wish it immediately. The country was recovering its material prosperity, but only in time could the finances be reëstablished and the army reorganized. "This country cannot be an ally for many years." There was evidently nothing more for M. Thiers to do in Vienna. He had, however, a conversation with Andrássy, who merely complained of M. de Gramont, to whom, he said, he had never given any hope or any illusion, and who said finally, "We cannot make war."

On the 24th of September, in the evening, Thiers left for Saint Petersburg. On his arrival he called on Prince Gortchakoff. After a few words on the authors of the war, "we came to the question which in Russia preoccupies everybody, the question of the republic. Prince Gortchakoff, who has the sagacious mind of a true statesman, and who likes to appear devoid of prejudices, confessed that the republic did not cause him any fear, and said that he knew some good republics. 'Yes,' said I, 'a republic (alluding to the United States) is now your best friend, and there will soon, perhaps, be two in your affections; at least, I hope so.' Gortchakoff answered with a smile: 'It would gratify me; but here people ask themselves if the republic is, in your country, anything serious, and if you can affirm that it will last long.'" The Russian Chancellor was convinced of the unstable character of the new French Government, whose credentials Thiers had received. Thiers told him that this Government was not the triumph of a party; that, if it satisfied no one absolutely, it condemned no one to despair. It was composed, in the majority, of wise and moderate men.

"'This Government is honest, and I affirm that the next elections will place the direction of affairs in moderate hands. You can, therefore, in treating with us today, have the assurance that our pledges will be stable; and if it happen one day that I be not your interlocutor, you will find in my successor the equivalent of my way of thinking.' 'Ah! *if* it be you,' said the Prince; 'but it *will be* you, as I like to think.'"

The Prince added that the misfortunes of France had surprised Europe, and afflicted those who saw, not without inquietude, the prodigious rise of Prussia. When it came to the question of an alliance (and Thiers had full powers to conclude one), the Chancellor said:

"An alliance has always been promised us; Gen. Fleury spoke incessantly of it, but we never saw it come. But I believe you. I know that you can keep your word. However, now is not the time to conclude it. Don't let us make a bargain—we will busy ourselves later with uniting France to Russia; for the moment, let us try to get France out of her scrape."

Thiers insisted on the necessity of acting promptly, and spoke of a collective action of Russia, Austria, England, and Italy.

"'Oh! collective, collective,' said the Chancellor. 'I understand you, but we don't want any such thing. It would only tend to irritate Prussia, which rejects the intervention of neutrals in the present war, and we should lose the very real influence which we possess in Berlin.'"

We know what this real influence was; it was owing to the personal friendship which the Russian Emperor felt for the King of Prussia. But this friendship was just what hindered the Emperor of Russia from interfering with the plans and actions of his uncle. The audience which Thiers received from the Emperor himself took place the day after news had arrived of the capitulation of Strasbourg.

"As soon as I entered, he gave me his hand, told me he was charmed to receive me in his Empire, and made me sit next to him. The Emperor, who is simple and natural, and speaks French easily, at once brought up the object of my visit to Russia. 'Monsieur Thiers,' said he, 'if people had listened to us, if they had listened to you, we should not be witnessing the cruel war which rends and frightens Europe. I have had a report of your explanation of the origin of this war. It has much interested me.'"

Having nothing more to relate on the subject of the true authors of the war, Thiers explained to the Emperor the origin and character of the new Government. The Emperor listened to him attentively;

"and when I said to him that this Government, issued from necessity, was the only one possible; that it was moderate; that it would be rendered even more moderate by being seconded, he answered me: 'As for myself, I have no objection to make to the republican form of government. Besides, it does not concern me; it concerns only France. I fear only the men of disorder, and especially the instability which is so discouraging when one comes to treat with a Government.'"

To reassure the Emperor, Thiers told him that the coming elections would certainly give a moderate majority. "'So,' said the Emperor, 'you are not uneasy about the maintenance of order?' 'No, Sire; and the proof that my confidence is founded, is the calm which reigns in Paris under very grave circumstances.' 'All the better,' said the Emperor; 'now let us come to the present situation.'" It was explained with much lucidity by Thiers. He showed the dangers which might arise, even for Russia, from the excessive aggrandizement of Prussia, and extolled the advantages which might accrue to Russia from forming an alliance with France, which, "under a good government, would soon recover her former strength." The Emperor interrupted him here "with emotion," and said: "I know, Monsieur Thiers, how serious for Europe and for my Empire is the creation of a power such as you describe. I would willingly acquire an alliance like that with France, an alliance for peace, not for war and conquest [he emphasized these last words]."

In another interview with the Chancellor, Thiers touched on the attitude of Austria. "Paris was threatened; could not Russia at least allow Austria to succor Paris?" "I understand," said he, "that if he feared the entrance of the French into Berlin, the nephew should have come to the succor of his uncle"; but the circumstances were not the same. Paris was now threatened. "You touch there," answered Prince Gortchakoff, "on a most delicate, most difficult subject. . . . There is an engagement of the Emperor's which we cannot infringe; . . . let us leave this subject, I beg you; there would be no profit in speaking of it now."

These words were eloquent enough in their vagueness: there was an arrangement, a convention, in virtue of which Russia was afterwards permitted to denounce to the great Powers the Treaty of 1856, drawn after the Crimean war at the Congress of Paris, and to free herself from the humiliating clause which did not allow her to keep a naval force in the Black Sea, or to have a military base on the shores of that sea. Russia had seized the first opportunity (and who can wonder at it?) to abrogate a clause which was injurious to her interests and might even, in certain emergencies, imperil her safety.

The denunciation of the Treaty of 1856 was made only on the 12th of November, more than a month after Thiers's visit to St. Petersburg. On leaving the Russian capital, Thiers went again to Vienna, but heard nothing new from Beust or Andrássy. On the 12th of October he was in Florence, where he had interviews with the King, with General Cialdini, with the Ministers. He developed military plans: the presence of 200,000 Italians in the valley of the

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Rhone would change the state of things, and force Prussia to end the war. He received, he says, from the Ministers but "poor answers." The King was friendly, but could do nothing without the Chambers, and the Chambers had adjourned. On the 13th of October Thiers returned to France. He brought nothing with him but the promise of safe-conduct, to be obtained by the intervention of Russia, permitting him to see Bismarck with reference to an armistice.

Correspondence.

COLLEGE ADMISSION ON SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several months ago you printed certain communications on the subject of admission to college on school certificate. The animus of these communications was decidedly against the practice. At the time, I was minded to put in an answer, but refrained, preferring to wait until the new college year should approach and the whole question wear a somewhat more practical aspect.

The data I have to submit, though few, bear directly on the main issue. Last winter the Registrar, at the request of our Committee on Admission by Certificate, made a full tabulation of the examination marks of all the freshmen admitted on certificate. His results were:

1. Schools from which students were admitted on certificate, September, 1902	167
2. Students admitted on certificate, September, 1902	306
3. No. of marks received by these students at end of first term, February, 1903	1,800
4. Of these 1,800 marks there were below "pass"	177
5. Schools the students from which received no mark below "pass"	100
6. Schools the students from which got one or more marks below "pass"	67
7. Of these 67 schools the number chargeable with failure in only one subject out of an average of five and one-half taken was	37

The figures need some interpretation. The round sum 1,800 in (3) is an approximation; the actual number may have been higher. The 100 of (5) means that 100 schools, or two out of three, got their freshmen through the first term without a single failure in a single subject! Number (7) means that, of the 67 schools which fell short of perfection in marks, 37 were chargeable with a mark below "pass" in one subject only. Besides, "below pass" does not necessarily imply total *failure;* it may mean and usually does mean a mere "condition."

Having been one of the doubters, I am free to admit that the conclusions from these data have completely staggered me. The examination marks represented tests of every sort in a multitude of subjects taught in nine distinct faculties. Nor may I overlook the circumstance that the examinations at the end of last January were held under peculiar difficulties. We were then in the beginning of our typhoid trouble; not a few of the students were already suffering from the disease, although neither they nor their examiners suspected this when the examinations were held.

That one hundred schools should get through without a scratch; that thirty-seven more should get through with only a single scratch; that of the remaining thirty only ten or twelve called for the slightest scrutiny on the part of our Committee—these are facts which the opponents of the certificate system will do well to ponder most carefully.

One more consideration. The greater number of our students are admitted on Regents' diplomas; these diplomas represent Regents' examinations. We ought to have a comparison of these Regents' students with the other. But, in the language of Kipling, that is another story, and—let me add—a much longer one. Still, I hope that our indefatigable Registrar may have the time and the patience another year to work out the statistics. J. M. H.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, September 1, 1903.

Notes.

A series of drawings on wood, by George Cruikshank, only in part cut and none ever published, has been acquired by Henry Frowde. They are in illustration of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and will be used, upon completion of the engraving, in an *édition de luxe* of that work from the Oxford University Press. One had rather see them popularized, but collectors will be on the lookout for them. They will be printed singly on Japanese paper.

The Century Co.'s autumn list includes 'In Search of a Siberian Klondike,' by Washington Vanderlip, edited by Homer B. Hulbert; 'Thirty Years of Musical Life in London,' by Hermann Klein; 'Theodore Leschetizky,' by the Countess Angèle Potocka, translated by Miss Genevieve Seymour Lincoln; the second part of Howard Crosby Butler's 'Northern Central Syria and the Houran: Architecture'; 'Gallops 2,' by *David Gray;* and in the "Thumb-Nail Series" a new output of FitzGerald's Omar (three versions), with John Hay's address before the Omar Khayyám Club in London in 1897.

'Vacation Days in Greece,' by Prof. Rufus B. Richardson, late head of the American School in Athens, and 'The Development of the Drama,' by Prof. Brander Matthews, are announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have in preparation 'Recollections, Personal and Literary,' by the late Richard Henry Stoddard, edited by Ripley Hitchcock; 'Within the Pale,' the history of a great race question in Russia, by Michael Davitt; 'Life in the Early Colonies,' by George Cary Eggleston; and 'His Little World,' a novel, by Samuel Merwin, illustrated by Alonzo Kimball.

Henry Holt & Co. will shortly issue a new and enlarged edition of Prof. Henry A. Beers's 'Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus'; and 'Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel,' by Isabella Carrington Cabell.

Further announcements by G. P. Putnam's Sons are 'The Beginnings of Christianity,' by Paul Wernle, in two volumes; 'Rome and the Renaissance: The Pontificate of Julius II.,' from the French of Julian Klaczko, by John Dennie; 'The Art of the Italian Renaissance,' a handbook, by Prof. Heinrich Wölfflin, with many illustrations; and 'Japanese Physical Training,' by H. Irving Hancock.

The Outlook Co. are about to issue 'The Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies,' by John Dickinson—a limited edition with portraits and a colored print; and 'Tolstoy the Man,' by Edward A. Steiner.

'Tolstoy and his Message,' by Ernest H. Crosby; a 'History of Socialism in the United States,' by Morris Hillquit; and 'Connectives of English Speech,' by James C. Fernald, are in the press of Funk & Wagnalls Co.

'Three Masques by Ben Jonson'—of Oberon, of Blackness, of Beauty—is to be produced in a limited edition by Robert Grier Cooke, 307 Fifth Avenue, in two states of attractiveness.

W. A. Wilde Co., Boston, announce 'Out of a Fleur-de-lis: the History, Romance, and Biography of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition,' by Claude H. Wetmore, and 'In a Brazilian Jungle,' by the same author.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have nearly ready a book of Webster's best speeches, 'Daniel Webster for Young Americans,' edited by Prof. Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth.

By a slip of the pen we ascribed Cohn's 'Tests and Reagents' to another firm of publishers than John Wiley & Sons, for whom he is making a new translation of Frezenius's 'Quantitative Analysis.'

J. L. LeB. Hammond's 'Charles James Fox' we lately reviewed at some length. The American market is now being served with this "political study" by James Pott & Co.

From Messrs. Scribner we have a handful of pocket editions, two in the thin paper of George Newnes's "Caxton Series"—too thin to avoid transparency altogether—namely, Cary's 'Vision of Dante' and Lamb's Works, otherwise, very attractive in ornament of frontispiece and title-page and limp cover; and Chapman & Hall's reissue of Carlyle's 'Cromwell' in two volumes, and 'Essays' in three (for eight), with a somewhat thicker and more opaque paper, somewhat larger in size, and similarly bound. The same firm sends us Baedeker's 'Handbook for the Rhine,' the fifteenth English edition as compared with the French seventeenth and the German twenty-third; and 'Berlin and its Environs,' paralleling the twelfth German edition, still striving to keep pace with the city's growth.

Messrs. Appleton have reprinted from the edition of 1837 the Life of John Mytton by "Nimrod." The preface is dated "Calais, 1835," because "Nimrod," who was known to his creditors as Charles James Apperley, preferred the climate of France to that of the King's Bench prison, where his friend Mytton died. The book, with its colored plates, seems curiously antiquated, and gives a rambling and disconnected account of a very eccentric man. The writer's style recalls that of 'Life in London,' by Pierce Egan, which appealed so strongly to Thackeray's sense of humor, and which was already out of date in 1860. Mytton seems to have been a daring cross-country rider, a practical joker, and a spendthrift who squandered a fine property in a few years. He drank from four to six bottles of port a day, and was continuously drunk for the last twelve years of his life; but so vigorous was his constitution that, in spite of these and other excesses, he lived thirty-eight years. In the eloquent language of "Nimrod": "He is now safe in his urn, and let no one attempt to throw more stones at his monument."

The printing of a new edition of Dibdin's 'Bibliomania,' by the Bibliophile

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Society of Boston, is justified by the beauty of print and paper, and by the illustrations specially prepared by Howard Pyle. A chatty preface by Dr. Garnett gives some information on Dibdin's rather sad career, and glances at the shortcomings of his character. More practical is Mr. W. P. Cutter's account of the prices paid for rarities in recent years, showing the rapid, though not always intelligible, rise in values. It is a pity that this essay could not have a wider circulation, for it is an interesting record of an extraordinary progress in the value of certain classes of books. Mr. Cutter is bold enough to announce a "law" on the values of books, but it is rather a tendency that he describes than a law.

Mr. George Thomas Ritchie of the Library of Congress has compiled a 'List of Lincolniana' in that Library, and the result is a volume of seventy-five pages. Magazine articles are not included—a wise exclusion, in our opinion—but some newspaper clippings are; a rather dubious proceeding, though justifiable perhaps in the case of a special scrapbook. The list is rather sombre in tone, because so large a part of Lincoln matter is composed of addresses on his death; but we are reminded of another aspect of the man in the joke and songbooks, a catechism, and other campaign issues, often scurrilous. The list is printed by the Library of Congress.

'Thomas Gainsborough,' by Arthur B. Chamberlain (London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Dutton), is a fairly good piece of work, but is far from attaining the standard of the better books in its series, "The Popular Library of Art." To that series we have been accustomed to look for real criticism and an original point of view, and we cannot readily be satisfied with the negative virtues of a volume with which we have, after all, no positive fault to find.

The latest volume of another series, William Bayne's 'Wilkie' in "The Makers of British Art" (London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Scribner's), is acceptable enough as far as biography alone is concerned, but its author's rather phenomenal ignorance of painting leads to great vagueness as to what it is all about. Indeed, a writer who is capable of speaking of "the gems of painting and sculpture, as seen in the productions of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Cimabue," or of calling Correggio "the great Venetian," had best refrain from all topics even remotely connected with art.

'The Life of John C. Calhoun: Being a View of the Principal Events of his Career and an Account of his Contributions to Economic and Political Science,' by Gustavus M. Pinckney of the Charleston, S. C., Bar, has appeared from the press of Walker, Evans, Cogswell Co., in that city. It is a small volume of some 250 pages. Perhaps one-half the space is devoted to lengthy quotations from the speeches and letters of Calhoun. It would have been well if all of it could have been used in this way; for the best that can be said for the author is that he is an undiscriminating admirer of Calhoun, and that he has the courage of what one must call his emotions. The superlative is painfully in evidence. One learns that Calhoun was the greatest statesman, the profoundest political philosopher, the soundest financier, the most brilliant debater, the most successful prophet, the best man; and so on, *ad nauseam*. Apparently there were a few able men before his time, but none at all since. We are, generally speaking, as Carlyle might have said, seventy millions—mostly fools. Mr. Pinckney despairs of our ever being anything else. The evidence of it, precisely, is in the fact that the "protection humbug" still flourishes, and no one seriously considers the necessity of providing for nullification by Constitutional amendment. The suffrage and nullification are the two main supports of liberty; the Revolution furnished one, Calhoun showed us the way to the other. Still, blind as bats, we go blundering on, and so far from providing against the evil days, no one can be got even to listen to a discussion of the subject. The question of nullification, far from being academic, is as open as ever it was, etc. The book is harmless and useless; it is the sort of product one naturally expects from a specialist who attempts in a foreign field something for the accomplishment of which he is not at all fitted.

Mr. Clement F. Rogers's monograph on 'Baptism and Christian Archæology' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde) has been taken as "an offprint" from *Studia Biblica*, whereof it is part iv. of volume v. It is the fruit of a careful and apparently impartial study of this department of Christian antiquities, and has many illustrations from early and mediæval frescoes. These would seem to support the author's conclusion (p. 304) that the early custom was "the pouring of water over the candidate's head by the Bishop" (why need it be a bishop?), "or the guiding his head under a descending stream, followed by the laying on of hands." At first, baptism, like everything else, was largely in the open; this continued in Syria till the fifth century at least, and would naturally have been in running or standing water. When churches were built and freely used, fonts came in with their other furnishings. One would prefer to think that the early Church exercised ordinary common sense in not being wedded to a given amount of water for this purpose, nor to a fixed shape and size of the vessel (if any) containing it; and since the documents confirm this supposition, let them have all due weight, in view of the question so long pending between sprinkling and immersion. But when did evidence ever settle a religious controversy?

A handsomely printed volume of nearly five hundred pages, rich in illustrations, is Miss Katharine M. Abbott's 'Old Paths and Legends of New England' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Some of the views are admirable, for instance that of the Munroe Tavern, Lexington, 1695, where Lord Percy had his headquarters. The text, which is animated and entertaining, preserves a due regard for historical accuracy. In these days when the step seems so easy from the snap of a camera to the page engraving, it is fortunate if your bookmaker has a refined taste and some literary skill. Miss Abbott displays more than this, and possesses the gift of lending, through the power of happy description, a new charm to scenes long familiar to the reader. The author loves the theme of which she discourses. If we must needs find a little fault, it is that Chastellux more than once is quoted, and words are stricken out of his sentences with no mark to denote the omission—a liberty that had best not be taken. That Christopher Hussey, the old settler of Hampton, appears as "Hervey," may be charged to the proofreader; but what does Miss Abbott mean when, after speaking of Daniel Webster as a youth, at Exeter, she goes on in the next sentence to say, "An acquisition to the Academy is the celebrated *Puritan Girl* by Martha Hale" (p 254)?

Charles Protheroe's 'Life in the Mercantile Marine' (John Lane) is a routine sea story, one of scores which are being printed to invest with melancholy the disappearance from the seas of square-rigged deep-water sailing ships. It is difficult to determine for what class of readers this book is intended—possibly boys, for whom tales of the ocean have unending fascination. It is hardly ripe enough for mature minds. The narrative covers a period before the advent of steamers in the trade between England and New Zealand. With their coming, the interest is transferred to cruises in the South Seas.

Dr. F. A. C. Perrine's work entitled 'Conductors for Electrical Distribution' appears to have left few problems pertaining to its subject untouched, however minute they may be—from the most economical way of transferring bars from one roll to another to the best way of drawing specifications for telegraph poles—and to have reduced every one to a question of exact science. The vivid clearness of the elaborate descriptions of the manufacture of wire, its finishing, insulation, and wrapping into cables, is like visiting the different works under the guidance of their masters.

Dr. G. S. Fraps has produced a book entitled 'Principles of Dyeing' (Macmillan Co.), which is intended to teach the general truths of that art in the classroom and laboratory to students who have little acquaintance with organic chemistry, and without much troubling them with that subject. We do not doubt that in some of our universities such a plan will be regarded as marking an enlightened appreciation of the educational conditions of our time, while individuals will be found to think it characteristic of an automobiling pedagogy which breaks down the distinction between liberal and professional education and produces something bad from either point of view. Given the plan, it is well worked out by Dr. Fraps.

Dr. C. Krauch's book, 'The Testing of Chemical Reagents for Purity' (D. Van Nostrand Co.), is a standard work of the highest authority and of wide utility. Its translators, T. A. Williamson and L. W. Dupré, have done their work well, and have sometimes substituted references to English books for those to German books, when they have the same value. The author has contributed some emendations.

Karl Verner's 'Afhandlinger og Breve' (Articles and Letters), recently published in Copenhagen through the Society for Germanic Philology, is a book of more than ordinary interest to linguists the world over. Verner owes his chief fame to the discovery of the law bearing his name, but all his investigations bore the stamp of distinction. In addition to the material indicated in the title, the work contains a life, by Marius Vibuk, a facsimile of one of Verner's letters, an illustrated account of Verner's apparatus for the study of

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sound waves, and a number of portraits. It is to be hoped that this valuable contribution may be made more generally available by being presented in an English or German translation.

It is common knowledge that in the German universities, in case of a vacancy in the teaching corps, the faculties nominate from one to three men, one of whom the Government generally selects. In Paulsen's new and excellent work, 'Die Deutschen Universitäten,' are found interesting statistics showing how often during the past twenty years the governments have disregarded the proposals of the faculties and made their own selections, the data referring only to the nine Prussian institutions. During this period the law faculties made 140 proposals, of which 125 were adopted; the medical faculties 236, of which 207 were adopted; while the theological faculties made 110 proposals, of which only 82 met with the approval of the authorities, and 38 selections were accordingly made independently. This was done in order that the different theological tendencies might be represented in every faculty, and, with the sole exception of Greifswald, which is headquarters for orthodoxy in the Prussian schools, both liberal and conservative men are found in every Protestant theological faculty. The conservative men appointed against the express wish of the liberal element in the faculties go by the name of "Strafprofessoren," *i. e.*, men appointed to punish the other members for not being orthodox enough to satisfy the official creed of the church. Such "Punishment Professors" are found in Bonn, Marburg, and elsewhere.

The personnel of the Educational Commission which is to sail for this country on October 3, according to the list published in the London *Times*, indicates that Mr. Mosely has secured not only "trained students of education and men intimately connected with its administration in all branches, but also men of light and leading in the more important centres of commercial, industrial and intellectual life." The list of thirty includes a bishop, a mayor, two members of Parliament, three Fellows of the Royal Society, ten professors and university lecturers, as well as representatives of chambers of commerce and members of educational boards. During the early part of their tour, of which an itinerary has been drawn up with the assistance of President Butler of Columbia University, the commission will act as one body. Later it will separate so that the different men may see and report upon aspects of educational work in which they are specially interested, or on which they are specially qualified to form an opinion. These reports will be printed separately and distributed to educational bodies throughout the United Kingdom. The main object of the commission is to study our educational systems in their bearing upon national commerce and industry, and the results of Mr. Mosely's wise and generous expenditure will doubtless prove as beneficial to us as to his own countrymen.

In accordance with the recent enactment of the Parliament, Denmark has now declared its adherence to the agreement of the Berne literary convention. The King has published a decree both announcing and explaining the new rules pertaining to the rights of foreign authors and artists, in accordance with the Berne Convention, even if their works have not been issued by Danish publishing houses.

It has all along been considered a settled matter that Luther's great battle hymn of the Reformation, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," was composed in 1530. Prof. Dr. Groessler, in an address recently delivered in Eisleben, reported that he had discovered this hymn in collections earlier than the above date, and that everything points to its having been composed in the night of April 15-16, 1521, in the inn at Oppenheim, Luther's last stopping-place before entering the city of Worms, where the Diet that was to decide his fate was being held.

The German archæologist, Theodor Wiegand, claims to have discovered the tomb of Hannibal. Classical writers report that it was to be sought on the coast of the Sea of Marmora in Libyssa, not far from Nicomedia, and that the Emperor Severus restored the mausoleum in a magnificent manner. Wiegand searched the whole coast, and found at the place where the Dil River empties into the sea, on a small promontory just below the Anatolian Railroad, the ruins of a mausoleum which he regards as Hannibal's.

Two months ago, at Niagara Falls, the American Library Association discussed with favor a project for a headquarters. The committee appointed to plan details are Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress and President of the Association; Dr. John S. Billings, Librarian New York Public Library; C. W. Andrews, Librarian John Crerar Library, Chicago; Edwin H. Anderson, Librarian Carnegie Library, Pittsburg; and R. R. Bowker, editor *Library Journal*, New York.

—The latest addition to the "Legal Classic Series" is an edition of 'Littleton's Tenures,' in English, by Prof. Eugene Wambaugh (Washington: John Byrne & Co.). It is preceded by a valuable introduction, giving a biography of Sir Thomas Littleton (the main external facts of his life are matters of record, but little of personal biographical interest has come down to us), and a very full bibliography of the 'Tenures,' cataloguing (in no less than fifteen pages) all the editions of this very remarkable work. Littleton comes midway among those whom the editor calls the "five masters," *i. e.*, Glanville, Bracton, Littleton, Coke, and Blackstone, but he has the distinction of being the first thoroughly English law writer, Glanville and Bracton having both written under the influence of the Institutes. There is nothing to show that Roman law was ever studied by Littleton, and his subject—a purely feudal one—allowed him to neglect it. It cannot be said to-day that it is necessary for a lawyer to begin his reading with Littleton, but his 'Tenures' will be a classic as long as the history of law possesses any interest; and, as Professor Wambaugh says, even if the lapse of time has made the book superfluous as an introduction to existing law, "its arrangement, conciseness, and accuracy would continue to gain for it the favor of any one who appreciates a masterpiece." The version given is that adopted by Coke, and the work of the present editor is the result of much painstaking research.

—The eighth Annual of the British School at Athens for 1901-1902 (The Macmillan Co.) is made especially interesting by its summary of the results of the Cretan explorations, of which a somewhat detailed account has already appeared in our correspondence columns. To one familiar with Greek antiquities of the classic period, the illustrations of art and domestic life given here are an astonishing revelation of an undreamed-of civilization. A number of porcelain plaques are figured which formed part of a large mosaic in one of the chambers of the palace at Knossos. By a piece of extraordinary good luck, these little plaques represent towers and houses of two or three stories provided with windows, and (in some instances) with balconies where ladies are seen standing. The mosaic, when complete, represented a Minoan city, and was interspersed with landscapes and other scenes. We must assume that the houses were arranged in streets, and were the dwellings of the ordinary Minoan citizen; the plan and pattern are undoubtedly indigenous, though possibly influenced by those of the detached villa of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt. The façades have a strikingly modern appearance, and are quite clear enough to enable us to guess details of construction and coloring. These houses of the bourgeoisie were undoubtedly comfortable. At Palaikastro one of them was provided with a bathroom. The Knossian palace contained many of the conveniences and comforts of an advanced civilization. Mr. Evans gives the plan and section of a large, well-built drain, provided with ventilating shafts, with which were connected several tiled closets or latrines. The primary object of the drain was to carry off the torrential rains which frequently occur in Crete; but provision was also made for regularly flushing the closets. These sanitary arrangements and decencies would put to shame the Paris of a few centuries ago, when the cry of "Gare l'eau!" was to be heard from the upper windows, and gentlemen gave the ladies whom they escorted the inside place on the street as a piece of serviceable gallantry.

—The art pictured in plates ii. and iii. is a further astonishment, as one wonders how it could have vanished absolutely, and left Greece to begin anew with the infantile simplicity of the Dipylon period. These are photographs of ivory figures, probably tinted and chryselephantine, in which the long-limbed spare young athlete flies rather than runs, with arms and legs stretched to the utmost, and with head flung back like the bacchant in Dionysiac processions. "The freedom and *élan* of these figures in some respects," as Mr. Evans says, "seems to overpass the limits of the sculptor's art." This Crete is, indeed, the land of Dædalus, and this is his true period. Mr. H. R. Hall discusses the meaning of the term Keftiu, the people who appear figured frequently in monuments of the Eighteenth Dynasty; *circa* 1450 B. C. He identifies them in a restricted sense with the Cretans, and in a vaguer, wider application with the inhabitants of the northwestern coasts of the Mediterranean from Cyprus to Crete. Mr. R. S. Conway analyzes some pre-hellenic inscriptions of Præsos, with conclusions which point to the probability that this Eteocretan language was Indo-European, and that it was spoken in Asia Minor as well as in the Mediterranean basin in the Minoan age. Its speakers, perhaps, de-

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veloped the so-called Mycenæan civilization. Finally, Mr. Bosanquet furnishes a detailed report of the results of the excavations at Palaikastro.

—Many Americans still harbor the notion that, in order to learn to speak the best German, they must go to Hanover. This belief may have arisen from the fact that the less educated classes there indulge less in dialect than elsewhere; but the language of educated Germans all over the empire is practically the same. Eduard Engel calls attention, in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, to the fact that Berlin is rapidly becoming the "Riesenretorte für das Einheitsdeutsch der Zukunft." Just as, in England and France, London and Paris set the standard for the national language, so Berlin is laying down the law for the whole empire, and dialectic peculiarities are being more and more relegated to the lower classes. The dialect peculiar to Berliners is even now spoken in its purity by few; the children at school learn to look on it as something ordinary and to be avoided, and that seals its doom. Concerning this Berlin dialect very little has been written authoritatively, but recently H. S. Hermann published a book, entitled 'Der Richtige Berliner in Wörtern und Redensarten,' by three local teachers whose names are not given. They look on the Berlinese not as a corruption of German, but as a legitimate language *per se*, with its own words and its own grammatical rules. The semi-humorous accounts given by newspaper reporters of scenes in court constantly violate these grammatical rules, and often do not even get the words right. It takes a sharp ear and a good memory to avoid mistakes, and the language is only a spoken, not a written one. It is only the uneducated, who are little concerned with reading and writing, that speak a dialect correctly. The Berlinese has enough words of its own to fill a hundred double-column pages in the book referred to. Some of them are relics of the French immigration influence of two centuries ago; but these are few, and used mostly in a humorous or playful way; dialects do not favor the *Fremdwörter*. One of the oddest peculiarities is the almost entire absence of the letter *r*, as in Chinese and Londonese. *Verloren* becomes *falooan*, *verfrieren* becomes *fafrian*, *Herr Müller*, *Ha Mülla*, etc. Other sounds are similarly changed. When a street urchin says *zeidomma* he means *zeig doch mal*, and *guten Abend* masquerades as *Juen Aam*. Like all dwellers in large cities the Berliners are fond of superlatives and special ways of expressing them. In place of *sehr* they use *aasig*, *blödsinnig*, *esig*, *cklig*, *haarig*, *klobig*, *klotzig*, *knollig*, *lausig*, *dicbisch*, *haarsträubend*, *mordsmässig*, *ochsig*, *rtesig*, *pyramidal*, *kolossal*, *kannibalisch*, *furchtbar*, etc. *Furchtbar* has, it seems, become current among the high-school girls; it was one of Wagner's favorite substitutes for *sehr* preceding *schön*. Amusing examples of caustic Berlinese wit and sarcasm are given, the following being particularly droll: "Wenn *Sie* so lang wärn wie Se dumm sind, dann kennten Se uff de Knie aus de Dachrinne fressen" ("If you were as tall as you are stupid, you could eat out of the eavesgutter on your knees.)

—When Garcilasso de la Vega (1540-1616), a descendant of the Incas, gave expression to his views on animal and plant worship among the aborigines of the Peruvian empire of old, he little knew the coming of "totemism" and its inexhaustible literature. In 'Social Origins,' by Andrew Lang, and 'Primal Law,' by J. J. Atkinson, which together make up a volume of 311 pages (Longmans, Green, & Co.), we have another book on the subject. The author of the second part (published posthumously) was a cousin of Mr. Lang, who spent most of his life in New Caledonia, where he died in 1899. His MS. was edited by his cousin, who states that he is indebted to it for "the conception of sexual jealousy as a powerful element in the evolution of exogamy." Mr. Atkinson's keynote is "the primal law of avoidance" between near relations, out of which has grown a customary rule of conduct. The ideas which gave birth to this "primal law" were in travail whilst man was in the animal stage, and their development made possible the ascent from brute to human. The mother kept the male child by her side (prolonged infancy) until he and his father had ceased to be enemies for sex reasons, and thus the group of the family, from which society was developed, arose. Before this were ages in which the male head of each group of anthropoid ancestors was in direct antagonism with every other male, and forceful disruption of "family" ties was the rule. The "peaceful conjunction" of father and son led to the "peaceful aggregations" which were the germ of human society. Mr. Atkinson's interesting views on "avoidance" should be read in connection with Mr. Crawley's recent work, 'The Mystic Rose,' in which the theory of tabu is elaborated. Mr. Lang's 'Social Origins' is largely a discussion of totemic theories, with the setting forth of his own "nickname" theory of totemism and the origin of the family. A good deal of it has appeared in substance before in the English scientific journal, *Folk-Lore*, etc.

LYLY'S WORKS.

The Complete Works of John Lyly. Now for the first time collected and edited from the earliest quartos, with life, bibliography, essays, notes, and index, by R. Warwick Bond. 3 vols., 8vo. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

The works of John Lyly have long been awaiting the careful editorship accorded to them in these attractive volumes. 'Euphues' has been accessible in Professor Arber's reprint; this contains no critical apparatus, though without it the difficult and allusive style of Lyly is wholly unintelligible; and the fragment which Dr. Landmann has edited is likewise quite insufficient for scholarly purposes. Fairholt's edition of the plays is inaccurate in the text, and grossly incompetent in such slight apparatus as it possesses. The doubtful 'Maydes Metamorphosis' has been reprinted by Bullen, and the two Anti-Martinist pamphlets assigned to Lyly, one at least with considerable certainty, have also been accessible in modern reprints. All these have been collected by Mr. Bond, and he has added some "Entertainments" and a large number of lyrics, which he assigns to Lyly on what, as we shall see later, seem wholly insufficient grounds.

In rendering the texts of Lyly's work, the first test of all editing, Mr. Bond has been singularly careful and successful. He has collated every edition in the British Museum and the Bodleian, recording the results with clearness and accuracy; but perhaps most of the doubtful passages in the novels and the plays have been cleared up by continual reference to Lyly's sources. Thus, the mysterious terms of 'Euphues,' with the aid of Pliny, Ælian, Plutarch, and Bartholomæus Anglicus, lose their confusion, as when the wonderful "naplytia," which leapeth into the fire wheresoever it seeth it (ii., 132), becomes intelligible as the "naphtha" of Pliny's 'Natural History.' So, also, the "fine wool of Ceres," as it appears in all previous editions of the 'Endimion,' including the recent one of Professor Baker, becomes, more correctly, "the fine wool of Seres," though here Mr. Bond has been more fortunate than thoughtful, for Lyly is not thinking (iii., 505) of Virgil's Georgics, but of Pliny's reference to the Seres, a people famous for their wool and silk ('Nat. Hist.,' vi., 17). On the whole, Mr. Bond has been exceptionally successful in his search for the origins of Lyly's infinite allusions, and he has added much valuable information to our rather hazy knowledge of the sources of Lyly's work. Thus (i., 352) he has established beyond dispute that the 'Euphues and his Ephœbus' was not borrowed directly from Plutarch's treatise on the Education of Boys, but rather from the Latin translation of Guarino Veronese and the English version of Sir Thomas Elyot. He has also cleared up the nature and extent of Lyly's borrowings in the plays.

When Mr. Bond ceases to concern himself with the text, its meaning, and its sources, when, in other words, he attempts the part of biographer, historian, and critic rather than that of editor, the results are highly unsatisfactory, and reflect not only on the accuracy of his scholarship, but even more so on his saneness of judgment. In the life of Lyly he has for the most part followed Professor Baker, adding some not uninteresting details now and then, such as the exact dates of Lyly's two petitions to the Queen, though none of these can be said to illumine the life of the Euphuist in any important degree; of his wild conjectures and fantastic assumptions it is unnecessary to say anything, while the arrangement of his material and the way in which it is scattered without coördination throughout the three volumes can be dismissed with a mere word of protest. The 'Entertainments' at the end of volume i. and the poems at the end of volume ii. are assigned to Lyly on the very flimsiest of evidence; the latter, chiefly on the ground that they bear marked resemblance to the songs scattered throughout the plays. Neither Mr. Bond nor his predecessors have hesitated to accept these last as authentic. They were added by Blount in 1632, where the original quartos indicated the omission of a song; but where or how Blount obtained them is unknown. It should be noted, however, that at least two of those in "Campaspe" had already been published as the works of others: "O, for a bowl of fat canary" in Middleton's "A Mad World, my Masters" (1608), and "What bird so sings, yet so does wail" in Ford and Dekker's "The Sun's Darling" (1623). Further external evidence could be adduced to cast doubts on Lyly's authorship of them, and the

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internal evidence is wholly against it, for their tone is that of a later period—Jacobean rather than early Elizabethan. Yet it is by relying on a real or fancied resemblance to these lyrics that Mr. Bond has assigned to Lyly a large number of others, which he has labelled collectively "doubtful," but which he assures us are Lyly's beyond dispute. It is to be hoped that Blount had better reasons for ascribing to Lyly the songs in his 1632 collection than his successor has for adding over fifty songs—some of them doubtless by Sidney, Essex, Southwell, and even Shakspere—two hundred and seventy years later.

On the vexed questions of Lyly's style and of the origin and development of Euphuism, Mr. Bond has much to say, but he has unfortunately dissipated much of the force of his argument by printing it piecemeal in various portions of the three volumes (i., 119, 539; ii., 231, 473, etc.). The point of departure for all such investigations must of course be the well-known theory of Landmann, which is too radical because it limits the influences at work on Lyly's prose to one single source, that of the Spaniard Guevara. The investigations of others, including Child, Courthope, and Mr. Bond himself, indisputably lead to the conclusion that several important Renaissance influences focus themselves in 'Euphues' and the plays. "Traffic and travels," says Lyly in the prologue to "Mydas," "have woven the nature of all nations into ours, and made this land like arras, full of device, which was broadcloth, full of workmanship." But it is not sufficient to find, as Mr. Bond does, a source for single ideas or single passages; the trend of Renaissance thought in its broad outlines must be included, and herein Mr. Bond has for the most part failed.

Lyly's famous novel of 'Euphues' is obviously distinguished from the source ascribed to it by Landmann, Guevara's 'Relox de Principes,' in that the former is purely a love romance. The 'Relox' discusses love on occasion, and its second book is almost wholly devoted to the duties of husbands and wives. But the 'Euphues' is a love romance, and treats love in a way that had hardly ever been attempted before in English prose. The rhapsody on love at the end of Castiglione's 'Cortegiano' was well known through Sir T. Hoby's version in 1561; but that subtle metaphysical discussion of love which characterizes Lyly was due to a series of formal treatises beginning with Ficino's commentary on the 'Symposium,' in the fifteenth century, and including Leon Hebreo's 'Dialoghi d'Amore,' Firenzuola's 'Ragionamenti d'Amore,' Bembo's 'Asolani,' Equicola's 'Libro di Natura d'Amore,' Betussi's 'Raverta,' and other sixteenth-century works. These are all in dialogue form; some of them include novels and love-tales. Their theories were Platonic in origin, their terminology partly Petrarchistic. For, side by side with them, there had been developed a large body of love poetry in imitation of Petrarch which had made certain words, ideas, similes, and especially certain antitheses of heat and cold, sweet and bitter, conventional formulæ to be applied in the treatment of love. The most "conceited" school of Petrarchistic poets was that at the Neapolitan court at the end of the fifteenth century—the school of Serafino dell' Aquila, Cariteo, Tebaldeo, Sannazaro; and nine or ten of Wyatt's poems were directly borrowed from Serafino. Nothing was more natural, then, than that Lyly should make Naples (not Spain or England) the scene of his love romance, which owes so much to the conceited Neapolitan treatment of love. He scarcely ever mentions Spain, but the Italians are in his mind throughout. He knew the Italian poets, for his friend Watson translated some of them in the very collection ('Hecatompathia,' 1582) for which Lyly wrote a commendatory preface. He is always interested in discussing love; the passage in 'Euphues' where, after supper, the company devotes the evening to reasoning about love and beauty, and where the conventional love imagery constantly recurs, reminds Mr. Bond of Boccaccio's 'Filocolo,' but a hundred other examples might be adduced, for such questions of love were traditionally discussed, and their history has been traced at length by Prof. Pio Rajna ('L'Episodio delle questioni d'amore nel Filocolo,' in *Romania*, XXXI. 1 *sq.*, and "Una Questione d'Amore," in the 'Raccolta di Studii Critici dedicata ad Alessandro D'Ancona,' 1901, p. 553 *sq.*).

Besides being a love romance, 'Euphues' is an "Anatomy of Wit," an account of the gentleman or courtier of perfect grace and culture. There were many such discussions in the Italian Renaissance, the 'Cortegiano,' Guazzo's 'Civil Conversazione,' Della Casa's 'Galateo,' Muzio's 'Gentiluomo,' and similar works without number. To these also 'Euphues' owes something, but Lyly has emphasized the side of moral perfection equally with that of manners, and has added the characteristic Renaissance thought, "It is virtue, gentlemen, which maketh gentlemen," in the midst of a long discourse borrowed directly from Plutarch. Certain external elements of structure he maybe derived from the 'Relox de Principes,' and, in that case, 'Euphues' is a romance combining the structure of Guevara with elements derived from the Italian treatises both on love and on manners. So that his style in prose represents exactly what some of the contemporary poets represent in verse—an attempt to apply to the traditional ideal of courtly love, and incidentally of courtly manners, the elements of style encouraged by Humanism and the New Learning. There are also mediæval elements—outgrowths of the manner of the French *rhétoriqueurs*—in allegory, alliteration, simile, mediæval natural history, and in that view of woman which appears in the "cooling card" as in Boccaccio's 'Corbaccio' and elsewhere, even in "Hamlet."

The tricks of style introduced by the revival of the study of rhetoric developed along different lines in Spain and England, as Mr. Bond should have pointed out in greater detail. Thus, Guevara's use of classical allusion is quite distinct from Lyly's—a scholar's or pedant's, quoting directly as Lyly never does; *e. g.*, "Aulus Gellius in the sixth of the third book says," "Plato in the fourth book of the Laws says," and the like; nor is the proverbial wisdom of the Spaniard to be confounded with that of the Englishman, the natural history of Guevara with the "unnatural natural history" of Lyly, while his sententious moralizing may have been derived directly from Plutarch, although the Senecan influence had already started a sententious stream of native English thought which was to lead through Bacon's 'Essays' to Pope's 'Essay on Man.'

One fact, then, is clear. Euphuism represents a single, or national, phase of a disease of style which at that period was international and European. This has been the obvious result of that recent scholarship on the Continent—beginning, perhaps, with Farinelli's review of Child's 'John Lyly and Euphuism' in the *Revista Crítica de Historia y Literatura Españolas*—of which Mr. Bond is so profoundly oblivious. This conclusion is reinforced by an examination of Lyly's comedies, which have largely been neglected by the historians of Euphuism.

They are all classical or mythological in subject; even "Mother Bombie," in the idea of the changed children, employs a theme often used in Latin comedy and more often repeated by the Italian comic writers of the *Cinquecento*. In the subject-matter, and in such characters as Sir Tophas, the witty servants, and the like, Lyly is simply following the traditions of Italian comedy; his greater purity of thought and expression is conditioned by the fact that his plays were performed by the children of St. Paul's before the Queen. He adds, however, certain elements not in the Italian comedies, the rhetoric and the Petrarchistic conceit. There is but one comic source in which Lyly may have found all these elements combined, and it is strange that neither Mr. Bond nor his predecessors should have had their attention called to the Spanish tragi-comedy of the "Celestina," which appeared about 1499, and in an anonymous English version probably as early as 1530. The 'Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies and Theatres' (1580), published just a few years before the appearance of Lyly's plays, mentions a tragi-comedy "wherein the bawdress Celestina inflamed the maiden Melibea with her sorceries." Lavardin's French version appeared in 1578; and there are other reasons for believing that the Spanish tragi-comedy was known, or accessible, to Lyly. Mabbe's version of 1631 (recently reprinted in the "Tudor Translations") shows what an Englishman with a naturally "precious" style could make of the original.

The characters of the "Celestina" are for the most part those familiar to the readers of Lyly. Celestina herself, go-between and sorceress, is like Mother Bombie, Sybilla in "Sappho and Phao," Dipsas in the "Endymion," etc. The hero goes to her for advice and assistance, just as Phao goes to Sybilla. The servants and pages in "Mydas," "Endymion," "Mother Bombie," "Campaspe," "Sappho and Phao" (they are in nearly every play) have two distinguishing qualities, keen wit and learning; their prototypes are Calisto's four servants in the "Celestina," who have, all of them, the same aptitude for witty argument, and who in the same way quote the classics with great readiness; in Latin and Italian comedy, such servants have wit, but seldom learning. Calisto and Melibea are like Lyly's heroes and heroines, especially in another point, their fondness for metaphysical discussions of love. It is in his treatment of love that Lyly differs from all his English predecessors in the drama, and from the Italian comic writers on similar themes. It is not a tragic passion; nor mere physical appetite as in Ovid, Terence, and the Italian comedies. The general sources for this new treatment of love, in the plays as in 'Eu-

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phues,' were of course, as we have seen, the Petrarchistic love poetry and the formal treatises on love. But compare this from the "Celestina" (Tudor Translation, page 180):

"*Melibea.* How call you this grief that hath seized on the better part of my body?

"*Celestina.* Sweet Love.

"*Mel.* Tell me then, what thing this sweet Love may be? . . .

"*Cel.* It is a concealed fire; a pleasing wound; a savory poison; a sweet bitterness; a delightful grief; a cheerful torment; a sweet yet cruel hurt; and a gentle death"—

with the following in "Gallathea" (Bond's Lyly, ii., 435):

"*Cupid.* I pray thee, sweet wench, amongst all your sweet troupe, is there not one that followeth the sweetest thing, sweet love?

"*Nymph.* Love? good sir, what mean you by it? or what do you call it?

"*Cupid.* A heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness; which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts ears; bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by dissembling, buried by ingratitude; and this is love. Fair lady, will you any?"

There are a few things like this in Guevara (*e. g.*, "the propriety of love is to turn the rough into plain, the cruel to feeble, the bitter to sweet," etc.); the common source is the Petrarchistic conceit. In the "Celestina," however, are to be found most of the characteristic elements of Lyly's style in comedy, his love of rhetorical questions, of repetition, and amplification, his fondness for lists of strange operations, given without metaphorical intention, as well as for proverbs (a Spanish quality), for classical illustrations (a humanistic tendency), and for "unnatural natural history" (a mediæval survival). Both have favorite subjects of discussion—the description of old age, the lists of women's false fangles and allurements, etc. It is impossible, within the limits of a review, to dwell at greater length on these remarkable resemblances: but enough has been said to show that in the "Celestina" there is a source which contains, within the comic structure, Lyly's rhetorical manner and tricks of style, his types of character and subject-matter, his unnatural natural history and fondness for proverbial wisdom, his theories of love, and some of his favorite themes. Whatever he may have owed to the "Celestina," the point to be made is that one need not go to Guevara for some of the essentials of the euphuistic style. Perhaps the forthcoming monograph of Professor Morel-Fatio of the Sorbonne, on the work and influence of Guevara, may clear up some of these doubtful points; the critical and historical matter in Mr. Bond's edition, interesting and suggestive as it often is, can scarcely be said to have done so.

CELTIC TEXTS.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be about the present attempt to revive the Irish language—and bitter disagreements have developed both as to the possibility and as to the desirability of such an achievement—cordial recognition is due on all sides to some of the publications of the Gaelic League. This popular organization has been for the past few years the centre of the language movement in Ireland. It has organized branches all over the country, and waged a lively campaign against everything "Saxon" in the intellectual and social life of the people. On the literary side, most of its energy has naturally gone into the dissemination of controversial pamphlets, or of easy, popular helps to the study of Gaelic. Besides Father O'Growney's 'Simple Lessons,' the first part of which was lately reported to have passed into its two hundred and eleventh thousand, the League has been issuing a series of "Popular Booklets" containing stories and other short pieces, each number sold for a penny; another series of "Students' Handbooks," selling at a shilling apiece; and still others devoted to music, folklore, and the language propaganda, all at correspondingly low prices. These are frankly ephemeral publications, which will have served their purpose if the Irish language is restored in any measure to practical and literary uses. None of them will contribute much to literature or science, except perhaps the series devoted to folklore, which may be expected to preserve some materials of value to the student of Western European traditions. The first volume is an interesting little collection of Monaghan folk tales, edited by Mr. J. H. Lloyd.

Of more general importance than any of the foregoing is a series of Irish texts, of which five volumes have already appeared. By these editions of modern Gaelic writers, the League is happily supplementing the labors of the Irish Texts Society. The authors thus far published have all been poets, and all good representatives of a literature hitherto very inaccessible. The series began with the poems of Geoffrey Keating (better known as the father of modern Irish prose than as a writer of verse), admirably edited by the Rev. J. C. MacErlean. The succeeding volumes have been produced under the editorship of the indefatigable Father Dinneen, who, besides being the author of nearly all the books in the League's series of original Irish works, has also edited Egan O'Rahilly for the Irish Texts Society, and is now compiling a dictionary to be issued by the latter organization. His editions of Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Seaghán Clávach Macdonnell, Geoffrey O'Donoghue of the Glen, and Timothy O'Sullivan ("Tadhg Gaedhealach"), form respectively the second, third, fourth, and sixth volumes of the League series. The poems of Pierce Ferriter constitute the fifth, which we have not yet seen.

Father Dinneen's qualifications as an editor and translator of modern Irish poetry are good, and not the least of his virtues lies in observing the limitations of his scholarship. He is not a philologist by training, and apparently has no special knowledge of the early stages of his native Irish language. But for the most part he avoids problems for which such technical equipment is absolutely necessary; and on the other hand, he brings to the interpretation of modern Gaelic poetry an immediate acquaintance with the spoken language and with the conditions of Irish life such as is not possessed in equal degree by the masters of Celtic philology. For that matter, the Irish writings of the last two centuries have received very little attention from Celticists of scientific training. Scholars turned first, for many reasons, to the older language and literature, and left the modern field to be exploited by men who, on their side, were similarly ignorant of the earlier periods. Irish studies have suffered from this over-strict division of labor, which has sometimes verged upon hostility. Men of either type have been more willing to abuse those of the other than to learn of them. Yet the modern Gaelic speakers possess information both about linguistic usage and about popular tradition which scholars can turn to account; and certainly the untrained "natives" might have saved themselves from many vagaries in history and archæology by cultivating a little more respect for scholarship. The knowledge of each of these classes of men ought to be at the service of the other; and if the Irish Texts Society and the Gaelic League can induce both types, or representatives of both, to work together, their publications cannot fail to be of service.

Such coöperation will be helped on, we believe, by the work of Father Dinneen, who, though by no means to be reckoned among the unlearned and irresponsible writers by whom the native scholarship has often been discredited, has nevertheless approached Irish studies from the modern side. His translations and glossaries constitute in a way original records of usage and tradition, which for the interpretation of the modern poets must be of some value. His accounts of versification, similarly, which would have no particular authority if Old and Middle Irish metres were under discussion, may be received, we assume, as a trustworthy statement of the way the poems of Owen Roe and his contemporaries are read or recited to-day by the peasants of Munster. Some of Father Dinneen's literary comments, we regret to say, are not equally useful. We quote the following sentences, for example, from the last page of his introduction to Owen Roe:

"His name [that is, Owen Roe's] deserves to be enshrined amongst the few supreme lyric poets of all time. What Pindar is to Greece, what Burns is to Scotland, what Béranger is to France, what nobody in particular, unless it be Mr. Kipling, is to England, that and much more is Eoghan Ruadh to Ireland."

The last remark is doubtless humorous, and may serve very well as a campaign joke in the midst of the present anti-English agitation. But it should not be offered as literary criticism; and the whole characterization is so intemperate that it will neither edify the student nor win the confidence of the judicious reader.

The condition of the Celtic language of Wales is very different from that of Irish, and it is not with a view to saving Welsh from extinction, of which it stands in no immediate danger, that there has been considerable activity of late years in the publication of old Welsh authors. The objects of such editions have been rather learned and historical than practical. A series, recently begun, which promises to be of great value to students of Celtic, is the "Guild Series" of reprints of Welsh prose works of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. It is issued under the auspices of the Guild of Graduates of the University of Wales, and four volumes have already appeared. They are all handsomely printed and edited with great care. The plan in each case has been to select the first edition, or the best available early edition, of the work in hand, and then to reprint it—errors and all—with scrupulous accuracy. In this way it is intended to bring

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together a body of trustworthy material for the study of modern Welsh grammatical and orthographical usage. At the same time, in spite of their deliberate retention of old printers' errors and the like, the editors are supplying fine library editions of some of the prose classics of Wales. The introductions in every case contain new and valuable matter. The first volume, edited by Mr. Thomas E. Ellis, comprises miscellaneous pieces (including considerable verse), in both Welsh and English, by Morgan Lloyd. Among them is the celebrated 'Llyfr y Tri Aderyn,' reprinted from the original edition of 1653. The greater part of the verse is here printed for the first time, so far as is known. Mr. Ellis expresses in his preface the intention of publishing in a later volume the remaining works of Morgan Lloyd. The second volume of the series contains the 'Drych y Prif Oesoedd,' the extraordinarily popular history of Theophilus Evans, edited by Mr. Samuel J. Evans from the second edition (1740). The third and fourth volumes contain reprints of two books which contend for the fame of being the first printed book in Welsh: William Salesbury's 'Oll Synnwyr Pen Kembero Ygyd' (literally, 'The Whole Sense of a Welshman's Head Together'), a collection of proverbs obtained from Griffith Hiraethog; and a little handbook of religious information published in 1546 without formal title or indication of author, and ascribed to Sir John Prys, the energetic agent of Henry VIII. Salesbury's book is edited by Mr. J. Gwenogvryn Evans, to whose industry and accuracy Welsh scholarship is already much indebted. Prys's little volume is edited by Mr. John H. Davies, who reprints along with it what appears to have been the first Welsh pamphlet (1550), a defence of sacerdotal marriage by a citation from the laws of Hywel Dda.

Florence: Her History and Art, to the Fall of the Republic. By Francis A. Hyett, B.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Mr. Hyett has been moved by the laudable desire to write a one-volume history of Florence which shall be accurate and interesting. He has wished, besides, to unfold the intellectual and artistic evolution of the Florentines along with the political. The task is like that set for Sisyphus. It would not be difficult, indeed, to compile a clear narrative of the development of either the art or the literature of Florence; but to describe in small compass her political growth would require the genius of a Green.

The reason is obvious: the mediæval Italian commonwealths (except Venice) were the work of groups of intensely individualized citizens. They developed on a municipal scale, but their intensity gave them a world-wide significance. Accordingly, to understand what went on in Florence, or Siena, or Lucca, or Milan, you must know intimately what many families and individuals were doing—and this requires a study of details which conflicts with the purpose of an epitome. Yet unless you get as close as this, the play of cause and effect is lost, and the vicissitudes of the Italian republics seem hardly more intelligible than those of modern South American States, or than the writhings of leeches in a jar. This is true of all her neighbors, but most true of Florence, because the individuals who made her history surpassed the other Italians in genius, and endowed her experiments in government, trade, and social reforms with an enduring interest. That, together with her civic life, she should also produce a great literature and a many-sided art, which appear to be more directly than elsewhere the outcome of her political experience, adds immensely to that significance. The fact that her local quarrels were often merged in the vast conflict between the Church and the Empire, served also to relieve their pettiness.

Yet the political evolution of Florence was by no means regular. She did not pass from the semi-feudal condition of the Middle Age to her brief period of liberty, and then to her long term of despotism, without many attempts to go back or to turn aside. The French Revolution shows us the swift descent from absolutism to anarchy, and, after anarchy, the inevitable recoil to despotism; in Florence that process required generations instead of years. The real life of the Republic extends from about 1200 to 1530, when even the pretence of a popular government was abandoned; but the generations vary as greatly in importance as in interest. The period which practically coincides with Dante's lifetime, and saw the ascendancy of the People, the guilds at their zenith, the death struggle of Guelfs and Ghibellines, and the war of Blacks and Whites, is certainly the most dramatic. The fourteenth century is of secondary importance, although it showed, decade by decade, that the drift was setting almost irresistibly towards despotism. Finally, the last hundred years, from the rise of Cosimo Pater Patriæ to the destruction of the Republic, stand out with dazzling interest, especially during the generation which accepted the enlightened tyranny of Lorenzo the Magnificent and presently was swept into piety, excessive but fleeting, by the fervor of Savonarola.

Mr. Hyett devotes about 55 pages to the Dantean period, 125 pages to the fourteenth century, and 220 pages to the Medicean century. By this allotment he is able to trace in sufficient detail the constitutional changes from the days of the Ciompi on, and to follow the devious ways by which the Medici slowly fastened their grasp on power. While he has not slighted the earlier period, we believe that he might with advantage have elaborated his account of it, even at the expense of some of the later details. Still, he makes clear the confusing relations between Blacks and Whites—one of the stumbling-blocks for historians of Florence—and he gives an accurate summary of the organization of the trade guilds. We miss the vividness which we naturally associate with those years for which Dante is, after his epic fashion, the incomparable witness, but we have instead a painstaking, reliable narrative.

When Mr. Hyett reaches Cosimo Pater Patriæ, however, he works with more fervor, possibly because he has proportionately more elbow-room; so that the last half of his book contains the best English history of Florence from 1430 to 1530 written within similar limits. No better evidence of his ability appears than in his treatment of Lorenzo, particularly in the dozen pages in which he discusses Lorenzo's character. Were the entire book written on that plane, it might be that definitive history which lovers of Florence have long awaited. Mr. Hyett is not so successful in dealing with Savonarola, not from lack of sympathy, but because he seems less skilful in analyzing the subtle contradictions in the character and conduct of the great Dominican. Yet he sees the significance of Savonarola's career, as the following passage shows:

"Although the exile of Dante has brought a more lasting reproach on Florence in the eyes of the civilized world, the judicial murder of Savonarola was a greater crime. It was, too, a far more important event in her history. It was the turning-point in her career—the first step on her downward course—the landmark which divides a glorious past from an inglorious future. The story of Florence, from the beginning of the thirteenth to the end of the fifteenth century, was the story of a fierce and constant struggle between Order and Anarchy. Order had generally been able to hold her own, but the struggle had never been an unequal one. . . . . Henceforward Order fought a losing fight until, in despair, she flung herself into the arms of Tyranny" (p. 461-2).

In order not to be misled by this generalization, which is essentially true, one must remember that the author regards the government even under Lorenzo as popular rather than despotic.

One feature on which Mr. Hyett has set high hopes, we find hardly satisfactory. He reports that he has "endeavored to tell the story of the political growth and vicissitudes of the city, until its decline, more succinctly than it has been told by previous historians, yet devoting more space to art and literature than they have done." To carry out this purpose he intercalates from time to time a chapter on writers and artists, the total amount of such material occupying about a fourth of the volume. Almost everybody is mentioned, but the information is often scrappy. It would have been better to print these biographies in alphabetical order as an appendix, so that the visitor to Florence could find out at a glance when a given artist flourished and how many of his works can be seen there to-day. Naturally, Mr. Hyett has not himself mastered all the literature and art of Florence, and so he discreetly relies on the criticisms of Ruskin, Symonds, C. C. Perkins, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Morelli, Berenson, and others, with the result that one gets the impression of a compilation. Yet when he has space enough he occasionally produces a good sketch based on his own study—for example, his account of Michelangelo, the artist; his remarks on Michelangelo the poet are insufficient. But the general method of interrupting the flow of the narrative by inserting large sections of a biographical dictionary is surely a structural mistake.

We could wish, also, that Mr. Hyett had throughout got a little farther away from his authorities, so as to make his readers feel that he had not merely read up his subject, but had come to have an individual view of it. And, indeed, when he ventures on a generalization, we see that he has opinions of his own—witness the passage quoted above, or his concluding remarks on Renaissance art, which end with these sentences:

"The pedantry of Art, in its Post-Raphaelite days, had more to do with its overthrow than its secularization, and for this neither Paganism nor Naturalism can be held responsible. Nevertheless, pedantry was but a secondary cause. The primary cause of the decadence of Renaissance Art

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in Italy was that Christianity and Paganism had both become shams" (p. 568).

On the whole, Mr. Hyett has attained his wish in writing the best single-volume history of Florence in English. He pays special attention to constitutional changes and to defining party platforms, and, as there is an unusually good index, the book can easily be consulted as a manual of Florentine politics. It is not so good as Mr. Horatio Brown's 'Venice,' and it lags far behind Green's 'Short History'; but it is clear and accurate, and it abounds in information. Until his better appears, Mr. Hyett indisputably has the field.

We note several misprints, among them these: Baptisterio (p. 2); sestieri (p. 25); benche and Rienza (p. 145); the date of the birth of Maso Albizzi is given 1433 and his death 1417 (p. 225); on page 401 it is stated that the only first-rate artists working between 1540 and 1570 were Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, whereas Michelangelo did not die till 1564; conversazioni (p. 414); "Madonna *del* Impruneta" should be *dell'* (p. 448); Trionfe (p. 453); quattrocentesti (p. 528); *piu* for *più* and *parlo* for *parla* (p. 545, note); Impananata (p. 565).

Maxim Gorky: His Life and Writings. By E. J. Dillon. London: Isbister & Co.

Several chapters of Mr. Dillon's book have already been published separately in English reviews, but a good deal of the material is new, including translations of some of the author's short sketches. The Russian writer's autobiography has supplied the tale of his wretched nomadic youth, and the facts are here rehearsed chiefly for their value in explaining and interpreting his work. The method is perhaps the best that could be adopted for presenting Gorky fairly and clearly to foreign readers, because his tales are all drawn from his actual experience and adventures, and his thought is little more than an outpouring of rage and resentment against organized society, accumulated during years of struggle with hunger and cold, and indeed every form of evil fortune.

Mr. Dillon does not write of Gorky to praise him or to endow him with those great human attributes and artistic gifts which have won such wide appreciation for Tólstoy and Turgeneff. On the contrary, he begins by declaring that the vogue of Gorky's productions has been strikingly disproportionate to the intrinsic worth of his achievement; and his words of unmodified commendation are few and carefully chosen. His general criticism is to the effect that Gorky's work is monotonous; that its artistic power is impaired by persistently intrusive didactic intention, and even more by the attribution to every ruffianly tramp of his own dreamy temperament, his own unhappy soul, his own passionate emotions. Of Gorky's ethics he has a poor opinion, saying that "he insists on our completely blotting out the boundary line that divides right from wrong"; that, "with the exception of 'Ilya Lovnyeff' and a few isolated sketches, there are but a few scattered traces of moral purpose anywhere," and that "much of his work appeals to us like a panegyric of vice or an apotheosis of the devil."

Thus Gorky, according to Mr. Dillon, is only a tramp, with a stronger emotional nature than most men, be they tramps or bourgeois or aristocrats; which nature, long suffering in silence, has at last found expression in story-telling. We are not disposed to disagree with this view, yet do not find it consistent with the contention that Gorky has a deliberate didactic purpose to which "he makes his work subservient, and strives to prove, for instance, that life, not abstract thought, makes the true thinker, and that those who have battled with existence and been worsted are greater philosophers than Schopenhauer." Undoubtedly he does believe that wisdom comes from living, not from reflection, and he urgently desires to inform the law-abiding world that he has no respect for its opinions, feelings, and habits; but such intimations strike us more as the emotional utterances of an artist than as the deliberate dicta of a teacher eager to influence and to lead. At all events, to dignify as philosophy resentful diatribes against society, and jibes and jeers at every fine human sentiment, is to take an ignorant, prejudiced, and passionate story-teller too seriously. Gorky's habit of identifying himself with his heroes is to our mind a much more irritating and tiresome defect than are his childish screams and vague speculations; though even of this fault too much may be made.

"Gorky's heroes," says Mr. Dillon, "have but one soul in common, the soul of their genial creator. Hence his *dramatis personæ* resemble one another so closely that a feeling of weariness and depression creeps over the reader who attempts to wade through the five volumes which at present represent his contribution to Russian letters. . . . His heroes are but idealized projections of himself. . . . His portraits are nearly all portraits of Maxim Gorky in different poses, hating like him the lies and hypocrisies of society, bursting through the fine network of convention which hampers the development of individuality, and clamoring for the unattainable."

Against the monotony of this method Mr. Dillon neglects to set the intenser passion and pathos commanded by a subjective writer, and the poetry inherent in such lyrical expression. His unreserved praise is bestowed on Gorky's treatment of nature, and on his perception of a closer sympathy between human beings and the elemental forces. In this romantic use of nature he says that Gorky is unrivalled in Russian literature.

Mr. Dillon's contempt and loathing for the novel entitled 'Foma Gordyeef' are exaggerated. It has, he insists, no continuity or meaning, and the hero is a clumsy "loon with no culture, a boor, a dunce, a sot, a satyr." He rejects as an insult to judgment the assumption that this "brutish dullard" could formulate questions about life and death, and that he could express profound moral indignation at the customs of his associates. Quite a different impression, however, may be derived from the book itself, and it is conceivable that the author meant to represent Foma as the victim of heredity and social conditions, with not enough intelligence to raise himself to higher things, but with enough heart and right feeling to detest all that he himself was, all that he had been born to.

Mr. Dillon's book has defects common to books made up of separate papers. It has not been carefully revised, and there is consequently a great deal of repetition and some contradiction. After reading over and over again that Gorky is an enemy of society and an apostle of brute force, it is surprising to learn that, from certain fragments and touches, "a charming portrait of the *real* Gorky, sympathetic, tender, helpful, self-forgetting, puts itself together for the attentive reader." Still, the contradiction may be only apparent, and conflicting statements may be made reconcilable by the reflection that Gorky's "personality is divided into two," and that the "genuine artist and typical Russian is animated by the humane spirit of the gospel, which the whilom tramp and sans-culotte would fain root out of the hearts of men." If Mr. Dillon really believes in the humane and Christian Gorky, he should have taken more pains to impress this figure upon his readers than is implied by a casual sentence.

The Bible in Shakspere. By William Burgess. Winona Lake, Ind.: Winona Publishing Co. 1903.

Michelet, in his history of France (vol. 5, p. 158), wrote: "Je ne me rappelle pas le nom de Dieu dans Shakespeare; s'il y est, c'est bien rarement, par hazard et sans l'ombre d'un sentiment religieux." This utterance, as seen by Mr. Burgess in John Taylor's 'Shakesperiana,' but otherwise unknown to him, led him, after a dozen years of gestation, to bring forth the octavo of 300 pages whose title we give above... But De Quincey, reviewing Michelet, said; "For my part, I am beginning to suspect that the word *la gloire* never occurs in any Parisian journal," and thought a single sharpshooter's bullet enough for the French skit. Mr. Burgess ordered this matter far otherwise. His census of the word "God," which he finds about 700 times in concordances, he tabulates as it appears with relative frequency in each play, from a single instance in "Lear" up to ninety-nine in "Richard III." Two pages of alternate terms for the Most High follow, reminding travellers of the ninety-nine variations of Allah among the Moslem inlays of the Taj Mahal. Lists of Bible characters, facts, and places mentioned in Shakspere complete the tale of statistics. The next twenty pages are filled with texts over against Shaksperianisms which are much like them in words or thoughts. This section is the cream of the book, and, studied by any intelligent reader, will add to his intelligence. Scripture and Shakspere lend and borrow light by mutual reflection.

The next section, "The Religious World of Shakspere," covers seven discourses—which may have formed each a popular lecture or perhaps sermon and are in evidence of the religion, or even religiosity, of Shakspere's writings. They show us Shakspere and Scripture as twin brothers as to heroes and heroines, types of character, plots, moral inculcations, views on the nature of tragedy and immortality, etc. Before certain audiences these effusions would be welcome. The last chapter in the book is unmistakably a temperance lecture, pure and simple, woven or pieced out with Shaksperian scraps.

Half the entire work is called "Scripture Themes," that is, topical extracts from the dramatist. The arrangement is called "cyclopædic" (meaning alphabetical). The selections were such as the author judged

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would serve to thicken other proofs which perhaps did demonstrate thinly the bed-rock of his conviction that Shakspere was a Christian. Mr. Burgess recoiled in such horror from Michelet's audacious remark that he pushed at once to his antipodes. His own question, "Was Shakspere a Christian?" few would answer till they were sure what the author's definition of a Christian is. Space forbids notice of his arguments to prove Shakspere a Christian, but we may mention one, clearly a favorite, because repeated and set forth as a conclusive sockdolager. The opening words in Shakspere's last will and testament are said "to declare his own absolute faith." That document begins: "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my body to the earth whereof it is made." But this language, as Halliwell-Phillipps, who has most fathomed the depths and shoals of the subject, writes, was "the usual first words in wills which were, like Shakspere's, lawyers' drafts, filled in, item by item, afterward by testators, as may be seen from numerous examples attached to the wills preserved at Somerset House. Nor can any conclusion be drawn from what was then an ordinary and formal disposal of soul and body" ('Outlines,' i., p. 248).

The work before us is carelessly printed. We note: "Our remedies oft in *themselves* do lie" (p. 75)—with as many such possible typographicals as there are pages. There are as many more that cannot be fathered on printers. Thus, Sly, "by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-ward, by present profession a tinker," is always declared to have been a tailor. There are more serious faults. Desdemona is stigmatized as "sacrificing race instincts, degrading herself socially, committing a crime against the order of nature, and [as if both were equal] the proprieties of civilized society" (p. 98). While mourning with Mr. Burgess that when his production was still in press the manuscripts and corrected proofs were all burnt in a holocaust of the printing-house, we must as deeply regret that he hurried his resurgent phœnix into this breathing world before its time, with so many imperfections on its head. Possibly it was not worth while to evoke it at all from the ashes of cremation.

Penal Servitude. By W. B. N. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

Few subjects deserve more and receive less attention than the administration of penal law. Occasionally philanthropists like John Howard and Elizabeth Fry appear, and fairly compel the public to listen to their accounts of the condition of the inmates of the prisons; but as a rule the people of any community will interest themselves in all manner of remote affairs rather than in the penal institutions in their own neighborhood. What goes on in these prisons is utterly unknown except to a few specialists, and yet much goes on that should revolt humanity. The book now before us is welcome because it is readable, and may therefore arouse the interest of many who would not otherwise care to acquaint themselves with the details of penal servitude. The fact that the author is the son of an English peer, and may some time, for all that we know, sit in the House of Lords, will undoubtedly give zest to his narrative of his experience as a convict. Few convicts possess literary skill, or care to display it in publishing their own ignominy. This noble lord, however, not only writes cleverly, but is also quite free from sensitiveness concerning his past years. It is not probable that he will be caught again; but we doubt if he has experienced a change of heart. He may be penitent; but he dwells on the hardships of his prosecution and conviction in a way that indicates a belief that he got more than he deserved.

While the author has no good opinion of the law, so far as his own conviction and sentence are involved, he speaks well of its administration. This testimony is of very high value. No doubt the author conducted himself well while in prison, and thus won the favor of his keepers. But this is not a sufficient motive for representing them as better than they are, and we feel justified in accepting the account as true. If it is, the English prisons are admirably officered, and, on the whole, very well administered. There seems to be room for improvement in the diet, especially in the matter of fresh vegetables. When convicts are employed in gardening, but are forbidden to eat so much as a leaf of lettuce, neither their health nor their discipline is improved. In most other respects the treatment is humane and scientific. First offenders are put in a class by themselves; the weak-minded receive special attention, and those dangerously insane are committed to a prison where they can receive appropriate treatment. Incorrigibles also have their own prison, and the system of hospital treatment and of medical supervision in general is excellent.

In the employment of prisoners, also, a humane wisdom is displayed. Every prisoner, so far as practicable, is set at out-of-door work several months in the year, and receives training in some trade when confined within doors. The barbarous practice of crowding two prisoners into a cell meant for but one, so inveterate in New York, appears not to prevail in England; indeed, communication between prisoners is very strictly regulated. Their life may not be a happy one, but it is on the whole healthy, and conducive to reformation. Good conduct ensures a shortening of the term of imprisonment, and the ticket-of-leave system tends to prevent relapse. That most important function, the inspection of prisons, is thoroughly discharged. The Governor, usually a retired military or naval officer, is responsible to the prison directors. These directors are appointed through the Home Office, and constitute the supreme governing body. They are highly paid, and one of them must visit every prison once a month. While there he exercises almost absolute authority in making investigations of every kind. Any convict with a grievance may appear before him and plead his own cause.

In addition, there is a Board of Visiting Magistrates, unpaid justices of the peace, who visit the prisons monthly and award punishments for all serious offences. Finally, there is a Board of Inspectors of Prisons, composed of retired governors, who make the round of the prisons every few months. As prisoners have also free right of petitioning the Secretary of State, it is difficult to see how they could be more perfectly guarded against maltreatment. No doubt they occasionally suffer injustice; but the law does its best to protect, and, according to our informant, succeeds admirably. Criminal statistics are generally untrustworthy; but, after all manner of deductions, we cannot fail to be cheered by the fact that, while forty years ago the average numbers of persons yearly condemned to penal servitude in England and Wales was 2,800, the population being 20,000,000, it is now about 750 out of a population of 34,000,000. Instead of 13 in 100,000, convicts number now but two, and these two get shorter sentences. The "segregation" of prisoners has had impressive results; less than 12 per cent. of the first offenders separately treated appear to be recommitted.

The imprisonment of this author may not have led to his soul's salvation, but it has enabled him to produce a work of unique interest, and one that may have most valuable results. Convicts are habitually untruthful as a class, and their stories must generally be taken with a large allowance for the personal equation. In this case we have the testimony of a witness capable of taking a broad view of the subject, and unusually free from prejudice. His information is therefore of exceptional value; and it is given with much vivacity. George Selwyn, observing the absence of a waiter whom he was accustomed to see at his club, and asking its cause, was told that the man had been convicted of a felony. "Dear me," he exclaimed, "what a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!" Our author's companions in Parkhurst Prison need not be disturbed by any such apprehension. Their failings are discussed with sympathetic discrimination, and the allowances made for defective endowment, physical and mental, are no greater than justice and mercy demand.

History and Chronology of the Myth-Making Age. By J. F. Hewitt, Late Commissioner of Chutia Nagpur. London: James Parker & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Those familiar with Hewitt's works will know what to expect from this volume. The line that separates learning from lunacy is often passed; but what hippomane especially tempts to madness the unharnessed chargers that gallop over the Akkadian domain? In no other field do common sense and historical sobriety seem to be so utterly abandoned. Even a scholar occasionally errs there, but whoever, like Hewitt, has entered this field without scholarship, once in is lost forever; his discoveries are mares' nests.

How can the credulous laity know this, so well known to the initiate? A journal making some pretence of literary learning recently published a review of this book showing clearly that the reviewer regarded it with mystified awe, as an almost incredible and yet trustworthy revelation of what happened in France and Mexico from 15000 to 8000 B. C. Thus do we renounce our judgment to the specialist, and, accustomed to marvels, fear to say that anything is untrue, however incompetent the specialist may be. Let it be said, then, at once that the myth-making age is still with us and has no better illustration than this last volume of Hewitt—unless, indeed, it be the

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'Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times,' also by Hewitt, whom, in characterizing this later work as "le flot montant de ses folles spéculations, de rapprochements et de méprises invraisemblables et d'étymologies absurdes," one of the gentlest but keenest of French critics last year described as an "amateur intempérant, qui paraît bien décidé à mourir dans l'impénitence finale."

Hewitt knows a deal about India's aborigines, but what he says even about them is so confused with what he thinks they ought to think, that even in the one small province in which he might have been useful, he is useless. For years he has published his baseless speculations in any journal that would accept them, and the rubbish he has written anent *sū-astikas* and Akkadians is the worst of its kind. With no scientific training, he jumbles together whatever he finds in Egypt, India, Greece, France, and Mexico, and reconstructs history out of the chimeras of his own abandoned brain. Because a Hindu epic represents its opposed heroes as possessing seven and eleven armies, respectively, the ancients of the second millennium B. C. (according to this book) must have had years with these divisions; the fact that a king's car is dragged by mules shows that he was "born from the union of the sun-horse and the epoch-making three-legged ass" (of Hewitt's imagination). The Sanskrit *su* (*eû*) meaning "well," a frequent prefix, is the Su-bird identical with the Egyptian Akkadian mother-bird, Khu. These examples, found on every page, cast all the Müller-and-Cox sun-myths into the shade. Anybody can prove anything by this means, and we are not surprised to learn that "the merchant classes of India" (in the Bronze Age) taught France how to erect monoliths and then continued their journey to Mexico; that the Finns learned their magic from the Gonds of Central India (because both are expert in magic!); or that hendecasyllables and iambic trimeters (in their Sanskrit form) were invented by the poets of India to symbolize the years of eleven and of twelve months. Nor, to speak frankly, are we surprised to find that the Dravidians are repeatedly said to be "doliko-kephalic" *(sic, passim)*, for in this form is unconsciously reproduced all the hollow pretence of scholarship that characterizes Hewitt's treatment of his main thesis.

In a word, this book is like everything else that Hewitt has written. It is not worth while to read it, but, if any one should read it, it is worth while to know its worthlessness.

Les Insectes Ennemies des Livres; Leurs Mœurs, Moyens de les détruire. Par G. Houlbert, Docteur ès Sciences. Paris: Alphonse Picard & Fils; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. xxxviii, 269.

A sub-title states that this work embodies "recherches expérimentales sur les insectes qui nuisent aux livres et aux bibliothèques," and the preface explains that it is a prize essay on the subject covered by the title.

That a book of more than 300 pages can be produced dealing with insects that occur in libraries and feed on printed matter or the material enveloping it, seems passing strange, and yet the author has accomplished this feat. Sixty-seven species are enumerated, their life histories are fully detailed, and their particular influence upon the literature that comes under their notice is set forth. The beetles compose about half these troublesome pests, and many of them are old friends of our own—more or less cosmopolites in fact, occurring wherever their food occurs. Really, when we analyze the work as a whole, we find the great majority of these book-destroyers to be such as attack the materials of which the books are made under almost any other conditions. The roaches and the Lepismids will eat paste or starchy materials wherever they find them—on a nicely laundered shirt front or on the calendered leaves and bindings of books. The dermestid beetles will eat cloth and leather under all circumstances, and anything made of wood fibre is an attraction to the larvæ of certain little *Coleoptera*—genuine book-worms, in fact. We might, therefore, use very nearly the entire list of species in a handbook of insects troublesome in the household; only it is not realized that the librarian has to deal with these same pests, and that practically they are obnoxious to his entire stock, while the householder needs to watch only a comparatively small part of his.

"We see, then," the author states in his final summary, "how every part of a book is subject to their attack; it is forced upon us that, as the processes of deterioration vary, so must our methods of defence vary as well." And under a general head we have an enumeration of these methods of defence, while to the discussion of each individual species is appended a suggestion of how injury from it may be avoided. We are taught how books may be fumigated and disinfected, heated and frozen, how they should be kept to avoid attracting some insects, and what difficulties may be placed in the way of others. Excellent suggestions are made to papermakers, bookmakers, and binders; some feasible, others not so likely to win favor. Most of the insects discussed are illustrated, and it is a compliment to the United States Department of Agriculture that the figures from the publications of its Division of Entomology have been so generously copied.

The book is, on the whole, exceedingly well done. As its contents passed the scrutiny of a jury composed of well-known entomologists and librarians, securing the "Prix Marie Pellechet" as the best of twenty-three contestants, its general accuracy may be depended upon.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baedeker, Karl. The Rhine. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker; New York: Scribners. $2.10 net.
Bain, F. W. The Descent of the Sun. London: James Parker & Co.; Oxford: Parker & Son; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.
Brady, Cyrus T. A Doctor of Philosophy. Scribners. $1.50.
Briscoe, Margaret S. The Change of Heart. Harpers.
Campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, 1862-1863. (Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, Vol. III.) Boston: Griffith-Stillings Press.
Chambers, Robert W. The Maids of Paradise. Harpers.
Cooley, Alice W., and Webster, W. F. Language Lessons from Literature, Book II. (Webster-Cooley Language Series.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Gulick, Sidney L. Evolution of the Japanese. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.00 net.
Huart, Clement. A History of Arabic Literature. (Short Histories of the Literatures of the World.) D. Appleton & Co.
Marriott, Charles. The House on the Sands. John Lane.
Marvin, Frederic R. Consecrated Womanhood. J. O. Wright & Co.
Mathews, Ernest. Economics in Dairy Farming. (The "Country Life" Library.) London: "Country Life," George Newnes; New York: Scribners. $2.25 net.
Mecredy, R. J. The Motor Book. John Lane.
Stephenson, Nathaniel. Eleanor Dayton. John Lane.
Symes, Mrs. Character Reading. Akron, O.; The Saalfield Publishing Co. 50c.
Tracy, Louis. The Wings of the Morning. Edward J. Clode.
Treman, Ebenezer M., and Poole, Murray E. The History of the Treman, Tremaine, Truman Family in America. 2 vols. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Ithaca Democrat Press.
Washington, Booker T., and Others. The Negro Problem. James Pott & Co.
Williams, Philip H. The Modern Chess Problem. London: George Routledge & Sons; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

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